Gc
974.302
Sa2z

Gc
974.302
Sa2a
1255307

M. L.

GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01085 9749

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/centennialhistor00adam_0

A CENTENNIAL HISTORY

OF

ST. ALBANS,

VERMONT.

ORGANIZED JULY 28TH, 1788.

By HENRY K. ADAMS.

ST. ALBANS, VT.:
WALLACE PRINTING COMPANY.
1889.

1255307

PREFACE.

The question has been frequently asked by non-residents, how can you write much concerning St. Albans, that will prove profitable and interesting, when its whole history is notorious for its sensations, a place only noted for its salubrious climate and beautiful scenery? Also, that there is no evidence of any permanent residence of Indians here, it having been but a mere battle and hunting ground, extending from the Lake shore to the hill tops. That there were no settlers within the present limits of our town, before the Revolution, while several towns in our own, and neighboring counties, had their Indian villages, and French settlements, with their Jesuit missions, and churches, prior to being under English rule. Also that several towns in these counties, after this period, had their settled physicians, and schools several years before St. Albans had them, in other words *you cannot make a history without the sensations*, and why should you, who is under no obligations to your fellow citizens, for any honors,

leave them out? Conceding all this to be true the writer will endeavor to step over these stumbling blocks, and prepare as interesting an account of our historic life, as the scanty material will afford, leaving the flora, the fauna, and our geological history to an abler pen. Neither will he elaborate upon the biography of all our past and present inhabitants, which if attempted, no limit would be reached, and which would swell the work into a voluminous volume, without furnishing much interest to the reader, while many of our present inhabitants might feel aggrieved if their ancestors were unintentionally omitted.

July 28th, 1888. THE AUTHOR.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

PREFACE, - - - - - III
TABLE OF CONTENTS, - - - V
INTRODUCTION, - - - - VII
OUR TOWN A PART OF NEW FRANCE, - 3
ENGLISH RULE, - - - - 4
HER FIRST SETTLERS, - - - 5
OUR FIRST TOWN MEETING, - - - 8
OTHER SETTLERS, - - - 9
THE GREAT MOGUL OF ST. ALBANS, - 12
DISTILS AND HOTELS, - - - 14
OUR SCHOOLS, - - - - 22
FRANKLIN COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL, - 25
A PLEA FOR TEACHERS, - - - 27
OUR PRESENT SYSTEM, - - - 29
OUR WRITERS, - - - - 32
OUR RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS AND SPIRITUAL TEACHERS, - - - 39
OUR PHYSICIANS, - - - - 53
REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY, - 56
ST. ALBANS AS THE SHIRE, AND OUR EARLY LAWYERS, - - - - 57
THE SHIRE AGAIN, - - - 59

Our Banks, - - - - 62
Our Newspapers, - - - 62
St. Albans Bay, - - - - 78
A Card, - - - - 86
Our Representatives, - - - 86
Our Town Clerks, - - - 88
Our Primitive Customs, - - - 89
Our Social Life, - - - 94
Aldis Hill, - - - - 98
Parsonsville, - - - - 102
Prospect Hill, - - - - 106
Our Old Farms, - - - 111
Notes and Comments, - - - 119
Our Music, - - - - 137
Our Militia, - - - - 139
The Canadian Rebellion, - - 140
The Second Canadian Rebellion, - - 143
Our Later Militia, - - - 147

INTRODUCTION.

JULY 28TH, 1888.

A century in our history has passed away. The primeval forests that echoed to the whoop of the savage, and the howl of the beasts, have returned in dust and ashes to whence they came, and the log cabins of our early settlers have also returned to their pristine element. But from their death and decay have sprung new organisms in "the green spear," "the beaded ear," and "the substantial homes," that now adorn the face of nature and gladdens the hearts of men.

So to, generation after generation of "our humanity," have flowed on to "Times Shadowy Shore," and the tide rolls back, laden with the joys and griefs, yea, the bright hopes, and the golden memories of our past, for with every cycloid of "the harvest," new forms and new faces have greeted the vision, but "the stream of time," with its cradles and coffins, still rolls on, forever rolls. And ere the shadow and the sunset comes upon us, and we, too, flow on with the tide, let us review together the history of our town.

"What is history? It is truth alive and actual—truth embodied—truth clothed in our kindred clay. It is knowledge not afloat on the mist bounded sea—the shoreless abyss of speculation—but knowledge, coasting it in sight of the familiar landmarks of time and place."—*Dr. I. Hamilton.*

"Historians rarely descend to those details from which alone the real state of a community can be collected. Hence posterity is too often deceived by the vague hyperboles of poets and rhetoricians."—*Macauley.*

"History is neither more nor less than biography on a large scale.—*LaMartine.*

"History is only time, furnished with dates, and rich with events.—*Rivarol.*

A CENTENNIAL HISTORY

—— OF ——

ST. ALBANS, VERMONT.

In tracing our historic career through its various mutations, from aboriginal occupancy to the present time, I discover that our town was a part of the ancient Irocroisia, but no evidence has ever been discovered of the territory known as St. Albans being the abiding place of the Indians for any length of time. It is, however, known that when an early settler located on the Weeks farm, east of the village, a few rods north of the present dwelling, there were a tribe of St. Francis Indians. They of this name were previously called the Abnenaquis—a branch of one of the six nations that constituted the Great Confederacy, known as Irocroisia—which has been aptly styled "the first republic on American soil."

These tribes of the great branches of Irocroisia were constantly at war with each other—especially the Algonquins, who by conquest, nearly encircled "the mother of the Confederacy." The Abnenaquis, however, were probably the primitive

dwellers in this region, as it is stated in the Journal of Champlain, that what is now the western part of our state, was in the possession of "the Irocrois," and those in "this county" and vicinity were called Abnenaquis, but as a writer in the 16th Century observed, "that of all the numerous branches of 'the Irocroisia,' the Abnenaquis were the most inclined to Christianity, and rather superior to the other tribes and branches in intelligence, and who, coming under the influence of the Jesuit Missionaries from France, changed their name in honor of their founder, 'St. Francis, of Sales.'" This tribe of one of the great branches continued to reside in different parts of the state, or rather county, until about 1760, when the black measles so depleted their numbers they fled panic stricken to their capitol, "the village of St. Francis," named after the founder of the Franciscans, viz., St. Francis, of Assisses. Since then, we learn of delegations of these Indians visiting our legislatures in various places, seeking pay for their lands hereabouts; the first being in 1777, before Vermont was admitted into the Union, also, in 1798, and every few years since, but the writer never heard of their receiving much money, nor of being placed in possession of the town of St. Albans.

This seems to be the extent of our Indian history, and in this connection the writer regrets that

he has no romantic legends and historical marvels to relate.

OUR TOWN A PART OF NEW FRANCE.

It appears that Jacques Cartier, as early as 1535, claimed what comprises our part of the state and Canada, for France, whose monarch appointed Jean Francois de la Roque as Vicéroy.

In 1603 Henry the 4th made Champlain Lieutenant-General of the same, in fact over all the territory in latitude from Philadelphia to Montreal. In 1609, Champlain allies himself with the fierce Hurons against the great nations of which Irocroisia was composed—who explored the region about our Lake—then known by its Indian name of Lake Irocroisia. See ancient maps of 1662 and 1671 on which it is styled Mere des Iroquois. The Abnenakees called it Petonbonque, the waters which lie between them and the Iroquois. The Iroquois, however, called it Caniaderi Guarunti, "the lake that is the gate of the country. The lake afterwards received the name of Champlain; of which the Dutch and English attempted to rob him by calling it Corlear, but, notwithstanding this English presumption, it still retains its French name of Champlain, as our own bay does its charming Indian name of Belle Maqueen.

In 1664, all New France from Hudsons Bay to

Florida and Virginia were bestowed on France, forever to be held by the crown in trust for the great company of the west, the king signing the edict so creating it on May 24th, 1664.

And what now constitutes the towns of St. Albans, Swanton, Highgate and Georgia were formed, as in Canada, into French Seignories, St. Albans being known as that of La Douville, which included the western part of Swanton and Georgia. The eastern part with Highgate, has been designated as the Seigniory of De Pauvais, and so remained until France surrendered to the English in 1760. This subject of French Seigniories in our own vicinity is a very unique but interesting one to reflect upon.

ENGLISH RULE.

After the English obtained mastership, our town was included in what was known as the New Hampshire grants, and was chartered Aug. 16th, 1763, by Benning Wentworth, the Royal Governor of New Hampshire, into seventy shares, but not one of the original grantees took possession. St. Albans, as a part of New Connecticut, alias Vermont, declared her independence in 1777. In relation to the name of our state, it is stated that it was named by the Rev. Mr. Peters, the first clergyman who ever visited the Green Mountains, and de-

rived from the two words, verd and mont. This is disputed by some historians, who claim it was named after and by the Abbe de Vermont, reader to the Queen of France, in the 16th Century, and that the Reverend Peters merely rechristened it in 1763, then observing "the name was purely French."

But our town, as a part of Vermont, was imposed upon, trifled with, and almost ignored by Congress, but after many trials and much tribulation, was admitted into the Union in 1791, and was the first child born into our great family of states. Before its birth, the infant was claimed by the Indians, the French and the English; also, by the states of New Hampshire and New York; while Massachusetts and Connecticut stuck their noses into the mess. She must have been a precocious child to have maintained her independence in the face of so much opposition; and it is unnecessary to add that this characteristic of the parent has been inherited by one of her offspring, viz.: St. Albans.

HER FIRST SETTLERS.

Previous to the Revolutionary War, there were no settlers in what is now our village. The first known settler in the town of St. Albans was Jesse Welden from Connecticut, who first emigrated to

Sunderland, Vt., from hence to what is now known as Balle Island on ancient maps, situated in Lake Champlain, but in our town, and was the first clearing in our town, hence the more modern name of Bald Island. This was in 1774.

And he afterwards removed to our bay, locating a few rods south of the meeting house. Two other settlers coming in the same season, one pitching south of the four corners leading to the Brackett place. The other located south of the bay, on what is known as the Nelson Buck place, where now stands the orthodox looking house, occupied by the son-in-law of Mr. Buck.

At the commencement of the Revolution, Mr. Welden retired to the seclusion of his island home where he found himself in more danger, being taken prisoner by the British, from whom he escaped and appeared before "the Council of Safety" at Bennington, Vt., soliciting permission to hunt in Northern Vermont, of which is the following notice taken from the records of Council of Safety and of State.

In Council, Bennington, Vt., Feb. 4th, 1778.

"The bearer, Jesse Welden, having this day taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, within this state, and is there to remain unmolested until further orders from this Council."

By order of Council,

Joseph Fay, Sec.

Mr. Welden undoubtedly intended to return in 1778, as the following *pass* demonstrated.

In Council, Bennington, Feb. 4th, 1778.

The bearer, Jesse Welden, having this day taken the oath of allegiance to the United States of America, is permitted to pass to his home in St. Albans, within this state, and there to remain unmolested until further orders from this Council.

By order of the Council,

To whom it may concern. JOSEPH FAY, Sec.

He did not, however, avail himself of this liberty and protection from the government until the close of the war, when he returned to the Bay in 1785, and located on what is now known as the Crosby place.

In 1786, Mr. Welden removed to this village, clearing about seventy acres of land and building a log house, a few rods south-west of the Houghton house, where his hearthstone was visible a few years ago. In 1787, he again changed his residence to the opposite side, near the home of Dea. H. M. Stevens, in which latter residence of Mr. Welden our town was organized July 28th, 1788, one hundred years ago. Mr. Welden continued to reside there, holding various town offices, until 1795, when he was drowned in the autumn of the same year, when returning from Plattsburgh in a log canoe, his body being recovered the following spring, and was not buried here, as history informs

us, but on Isle La Motte, famous not only as the burial place of our first settler, but as the location of the ancient fort of St. Anne, antedating all other settlements in Vermont by over fifty years. Mr. Welden, for a half-breed Indian, possessed many humanizing elements of character, as he subscribed fifty dollars towards the prospective University of Vermont, and possessed a Bible prized at over six dollars. One of his daughters married William Griffin, both of whom I remember. His granddaughter married here, and his great-grandson is among us at this time. In which connection the author would venture to remark, that inasmuch as the young man had been in the employ of one of the Centennial committee, it would have been a simple act of courtesy to have invited him to an honorable position during the celebration.

OUR FIRST TOWN MEETING

Which was held, according to the warning, at the house afore named of Jesse Welden. It was dated at Georgia, Vermont, and signed by John White, Assistant Judge, who resided in that town. Although a representative to the Assembly was elected that year, and the same citizen having been appointed a Justice of the Peace the year before the organization of the town, yet a full board of officers were not elected until the following year,

1789, as follows: Silas Hatherway, Moderator; Jonnathan Hoit, Town Clerk; Andrew Potter, David Powers and Silas Hatherway, Selectmen; Alfred Hatherway, Town Treasurer; Daniel B. Meigs, Constable; Jonnathan Hoit, Alfred Hatherway and David Powers, Listers; Daniel B. Meigs, Collector; David Campbell, Grand Juror; Jesse Welden, Pound Keeper; Andrew Potter, Tithingman; Silas Hatherway, Hog Hayward; Jesse Welden, Fence Viewer; Andrew Potter, Jesse Welden, Benjamin Bradley, Surveyors of Highways; Noel Potter, Benjamin Bradley, and Timothy Winter, Petit Jurors. The first Justice was Jonnathan Hoit.

OTHER SETTLERS.

At the date of our organization it is noticed that other settlers had come in soon after Mr. Welden, some of whose descendants are with us at the present time.

Among them Daniel B. Meigs, the grandsire of Selectman Meigs, whose father, John Meigs, was the first male child born here. Also, Major Morrill, a Revolutionary officer, who built the stone house on the Buck farm, and purchased a government grant of 1,000 acres, which extended from the lake shore to Main Street. He was the only man whom the old inhabitants recollect as dress-

ing as a gentleman of the old school, with knee buckles and hair in a cue. Capt. Freeborn Potter, the father of our worthy citizen, Major Dan Potter, located on the hill farm of ex-Gov. Smith, afterwards known as "the hill of the Potter," until the first man ever hanged here, which was north of the farm barn in 1820; it was then changed to Gallows Hill, which was retained until my friend created a palatial home there, and the author rechristened it "Mt. Pisgah," which he has never acknowledged in suitable terms. About this date came the Greens. Job, the grandfather of ex-Senator Green, settled on the farm where his present grandson now lives, which has been held by the family for over one hundred years; while Nathan, the father of our friend Judge Henry Green, settled at the foot of Johnny-cake Hill, who often made his boast that he had his choice of all the girls in town, there being but two, he preferring the white one to the squaw. Near the date of the Greens, Potters, Meigs, and others settling here, came Levi Allen, a brother of the famous Ethan, who laid claim to a great part of our territory, whose celebrated brothers, Ira and Ethan, regarded as "a slippery character," to whom Levi retorts in the following bizarre terms, supposed to have been written in 1777:

Ethan.—Old Ethan once said in full bowl of grog
Though I believe not in Jesus, I hold to a God;
There is also a Devil—you will see him one day
In a whirlwind of fire take Levi away.

Ira.—Says Ira to Ethan it plain doth appear
That you are inclined to banter and jeer;
I think for myself and I freely delare
Our Levi is too stout for the prince of the air;
If ever you see them engaged in affray,
Tis our Levi who'll take the Devil away.

Levi.—Says Levi, your speeches make it perfectly sure
That you both seem inclined to banter and jeer;
Though through all the world my name is enrolled
For tricks sly and crafty, ingenious and bold,
There is one consolation, which none can deny
That there is one greater rogue in this world than I.

Ethan and Ira.—"Who's that?" they both cry with equal surprise.
Levi.—Tis Ira; tis Ira; I yield him the prize.

As no record has been discovered prior to the appearance of Levi here, of our town being named by any of the settlers, it is natural to infer that the Allens may have named it, as Levi humorously addressed a letter to his wife before locating here, as "the Duchess of St. Albans," which was undoubtedly named after the St. Albans in England, "a place founded by the Romans, and after being raised to the dignity of a city was then called Veru-

lam, which was destroyed by the Britons 61 years after the birth of Christ. In 304, Alban suffered martyrdom for his religous faith, and was called the proto or first British martyr. In 755, an abbey was founded in his honor, which flourished until the 14th Century," which is the oldest church in England, and was restored in 1887; the place being now known as St. Albans, and is the burial place of the great Lord Bacon.

THE GREAT MOGUL OF ST. ALBANS.

In 1788, Silas Hatherway came to look over the town; as a result he moved here with his family the year following, and became worth a million in land, and was frequently called Baron Hatherway, in other words he was the Great Mogul, representing the substantial element of St. Albans society. There is no doubt that he did more than any one else to promote emigration here. He resided in a log house, just south of the residence of the late Judge Hoit, until 1794, when he built the Hoit house for a hotel. After holding numerous offices, having represented the town eight times, was chosen delegate in 1791 to the convention to ratify the constitution of Vermont, Assistant Judge in 1799, and supposed by many to be the actual donor of the park. In 1799, he petitioned the legislature for a charter for a University, to be

located in St. Albans, which passed the House. Mr. Hatherway may well be regarded as our Great Mogul, as at that time he could travel on his own land twenty-five miles from Canada line.

In 1800, Asa Fuller came hither, possessing the novelty of several thousand dollars in money, who purchased the place. Mr. Hatherway removed to Swanton Falls, representing that town in 1802. The following year he sold all the land comprising the present village of the Falls, some 5,000 acres, to the Ferris' for $5,000, and returned to St. Albans, where he died comparatively poor in 1831.

Asa Fuller began to improve the land soon after his purchase from Mr. Hatherway. The writer remembers when all the land north and east of this house, as well also, east of the homes of Mr. Ellis, Mrs. Bowman, Mr. Borley, &c., extending to the woods, were filled with fruit trees, so close that the apple blossoms caressed the maple boughs. He also brought on horseback from Connecticut, fourteen chestnut trees, which attained large size, and when in bearing were cut down in 1848, on account of the numerous picnics held beneath their branches They being the only ones in this region it was simply an act of vandalism.

With these earlier settlers were the Brooks' who settled on the Point, and Christopher Dutcher, at the bay, in 1790. Later on the Rugg place, South

Main Street. A few years after came the Hoits, Churches, Brighams, Whittemores, Dea. Samuel Smith, Beals, the Clarks, Jewetts, Tullars, Gates, Gilmans, Nasons, Walkers, Bells, Lasells, Eatons, Mitchells, Haynes, Wm. Weeks, Colonys, Wrights, and Col. Taylor; all of whom have left worthy exemplars of their race. But equal to any of them was David Stevens, whom all the town called grandpa, and who gave his justice fees into the school fund, which is glory enough for his descendants.

DISTILS AND HOTELS.

In the early history of the town Distils and Hotels were more numerous than churches and schools. Of the former there was one at the foot of Howard Hill, another near the residence of Judge Bedard, and one at the foot of the hill on Congress Street, called "The Devil's Tea Kittle." The Potter House was a hotel about 1793. The Nason House, south of the cemetery in 1797. The Blaisdell House in 1796. The large house that stood where is now the house of H. Brainerd, 1796. The Kendell House, 1798. The Branch Farm House, 1800. The hotel that stood opposite the Brainerd store as early as 1810. "The American," in 1815, and so on.

OUR FIRST PLACES OF BUSINESS.

In 1792, Charles Whitney is supposed to have opened the first store in our town, which was situated nearly between the gates, outside the front yard, of the Dorsey Taylor house, that house not having been built at that time. The second, occupied by William Jackson in 1793, stood where the Nason Hotel was, on the lot now filled by the residence of S. S. Allen, south of the cemetery, which store was moved across the road on the corner of Nason Street, to make room for the erection of the Nason House in 1797, where it was occupied by Dr. Hoit for a drug store in 1802. Hall, Crane & Pomeroy had a store a short distance north of Whitney's, on the northwest corner of the Taylor yard. Daniel Ryan's was in front of the present residence of Mrs. Doct. Stevens, near the lamp post. Dr. John Stoddard built the store, corner of Main and Fairfield Streets, in 1808. This store of Dr. Stoddard was then on the southwest corner of the common, Fairfield Street from Main to Church, was not then opened, but the public road then ran diagonally from the present Episcopal Church to the Brainerd store, so remaining a travelled road until 1842.

And in our early history there was a line of log houses, shops and stores, extending from the southwest corner of our park, to a log house in

the center of the present road at the foot of Johnny-cake Hill, the road then winding around the hill at the right hand.

Curtis & Foote traded on the lot now filled by Farrar block. The former built the Hougton house in 1800; and when his wife died she lay in state, arrayed in white satin, adorned with jewelry, and was buried in a solid mahogany coffin, but the husband died in the debtors room in the jail. Carter Hicock and Jo Munson did business in the rookery, so long occupied by Mr. Atwood, near the present store of J. A. Bedard. Mr. Rhodes erected the building, now standing on the corner of Main and Congress Streets, in 1802, and there did business. All of these traders quit before 1811. As before noticed, Dr. Hoit opened a drug store in 1802, on the corner of Nason Street, but in 1807 moved to the corner where now stands the American Hotel; and still later to the brick store, near his residence, now occupied by a bakery. Mr. Kingman had a store north of the Dr. Waugh building, and later, near the head of the street that bears his name. Mr. Orange Ferris traded in the store, situated on the southwest corner of the park; L. & S. Brainerd where now stands Brainerd block; N. & H. Wells, in the first three-story building erected here, but now occupied by the still later Farrar

block. Aldis & Gadcomb did business north of the residence of the late Mr. Gadcomb. There was also a store on the corner of Main and Fairfax Streets, one on the corner of Newton Street, and another on the three-cornered lot on the road to Swanton Falls. These two sets of early business men were followed by Taylor Bros., Messrs. E. L. Jones, W. O. Gadcomb, L. L. Dutcher, Orange Adams, W. S. Wetmore, S. P. Eastman, H. B. Soules, S. H. Barlow, A. C. Potwin, Wm. Farrar, G. G. & H. G. Smith, Hyde & Beardsley, T. W. Smith, C. J. & J. G. Saxe, C. H. Safford, V. Atwood. As it would not be according to the original plan of this work to advertise our present business men, the author will state, and he states it sincerely, that our tradesmen, mechanics and business men generally, are honorable men and deserving of patronage.

Previous to 1849 there were fifteen dry goods and grocery stores in the village; but let no one ridicule this statement by replying that the stocks must have been small to combine the two branches. This is a mistake, for most of our merchants sold at wholesale to Canada merchants and our more extensive farmers. At this time there were five at the Bay, with a bank, two hotels, two physicians, a church, a hat store and a seminary. Time has indeed wrought great changes. With

our early tradesmen business was conducted to a great extent, on the credit system; small farmers, by barter, or exchanging their commodities for goods; while the larger land owners would pay their accounts and notes with grain, to be delivered at so much a bushel on January 1st, or with cattle in the street, on such an hour the first day of October. The drovers would be on hand the very hour specified, mounted on horse back, armed and equipped to relieve the merchants of their burden, who, if not just ready to drive the cattle to the city markets, would always find pasturage near by at low rates.

Butter and honey were then sold at ten cents per pound, at which time the traveller and christian wayfarer could find short-cake and honey in the most humble abode. Cheese and maple sugar from six to eight. Eggs were ten cents a dozen, and straw hats at one dollar a dozen. The good farm wives paid for their rose-scented snuff, quilting tea, and chocolate-colored bandannas in mittens and socks, at twenty-five cents a pair, and not one would have cheated a stitch for even a new gown.

In those days the farmers were all engaged in clearing new land, which naturally produced a large quantity of ashes, and many traders manufactured potash, where the farmer who did not

make his own, always found a ready sale. This was the article the farmer relied on for money to pay his taxes, even in St. Albans; and his minister, although the clergy in early times received compensation for their spiritual services as the the merchant did, in the substantial elements of life. Starch factories used up the surplus potatoes, and the distilleries the corn and rye.

The question very naturally arises, why and wherefore so many distilleries? Why such a demand for liquors? All the merchants sold liquors in our town until the great temperance cyclone of 1829–31 swept through New England. Yes, sold them, which they never would have done had there not been a corresponding demand for them, in addition to those sold by the old-time taverns.

But in this connection, there appears to be a semblance of apology, for in those days the liquors were pure, especially whiskey at one shilling a gallon, and the customs were so different from those which have guided public opinion within the last half century.

I am well aware our good temperance folks and the rising generation outside the pale of modern reform, with some propriety ask, how did the customs vary from those of the present progressive age?

Well, to begin, most of the clergy drank, and

a family who failed to place before his pastor or any other minister, the decanter of rum or cider brandy and bowl of lump sugar, chip'd off from one of those old-fashioned pyramids of snowy sweetness, was considered lacking in hospitality ; and in these days of Auld Lang Syne, no one could be honestly born or spliced for life, unless all concerned were moved by the spirit. Raisings and movings, seed time, haying and harvesting, husking and pareing bees elections and turkey raffles, and even the bearers to a funeral, in some localities, had to be braced up with cider brandy or with cake and wine.

Also, on ordination occasions, which generally concluded with a ball, spirits were generally circulated. This is substantiated by the present pastor of Beechers Church, in Brooklyn, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, in his able article entitled, "The New Reformation," published in "The Century," for November, 1888, who states, "That the churches paid for drinks on occasions of dedications and ordinations, and the minister's sideboard took on the aspect of a public bar."

In Lyman Beecher's autobiography we read, "When the consociation arrived, they always took something round ; also, before public service, and always on their return. As they could not all drink at once, they were obliged to stand and

wait, as people do when they go to mill. There was a decanter of spirits, also, on the dinner table to help digestion."

But those days of primitive simplicity have passed away. Since then many organizations have been created to disseminate the principles of morality among our people.

While the secret orders of Masons and Odd Fellows have performed miracles in their respective spheres of usefulness, many of our temperance and moral reform organizations have been equally successful, of which it is pleasant to notice in these pages "The Secret Society of Rechabites," that flourished here along about 1847–8, which today members of old families allude to with grateful memory, and many wish, yea, sincerely wish "that organization" might be revived. There was just enough in the ceremonies and regalia to keep up an interest in the society. As far as doing a certain amount of good is concerned, "our present Reform Club" is the nearest approach to the Rechabite Club, although divested of special garbs and ceremonies, it is justly entitled to the encouragement of all well-meaning and thoughtful residents of St. Albans. It is unnecessary to add our old business men quit the liquor business voluntarily, not by compulsion, and all

became cordial supporters of the temperance cause.

With this credit system each merchant had his regular customers, yet I never heard of an account being disputed. If a customer wished to cheat a business man to the amount of twenty-five dollars, he would run away in the night to Canada, but now if it is for as many thousands, he has so much faith in public opinion he remains at home. Small crimes have since been regarded with so much indifference, they have lead to greater ones, and "we now see villiany outreach and trample ingenuous nobility and helpless innocence, and the bold minions of selfishness, with seared consciences and nerves of iron, plucking 'the forbidden fruits of pleasure,' wearing the diadem of society and sweeping through the world in pomp."

This is owing to example not to precept, for they have never taught villainy in

OUR SCHOOLS

of which there is a record of one as early as 1792. The Rev. Roswell Mears records in his diary "that when a licentiate he preached in St. Albans in 1792, when on a visit to his former pastor, the Rev. Eben Hibbard, who was located here, and he it was who taught our first school for two years in a log house near the marble shop on the corner of Main and East Street, now Congress.

Those early log school houses were warmed by huge fire-places with back logs, which the scholars covered up at the close of the school by turns. The seats were generally arranged on an inclined plane, the smallest in front, ascending by age upward to the largest, thus enabling the teacher to see every head.

At that time down to the writers attendance, the Testament was a text book in our common schools, for once a week, generally on Monday morning, each pupil arose in his seat and recited a verse, and there was no profanity in those days at the corners and before our public buildings.

Some attention was devoted to the manners of the scholars. When they were out at recess, each boy took off his cap and bowed to the inmates of a team, and the girls courteseyed. We naturally smile at this Chesterfieldian strain, but would it not be preferable *even now*, to having lads in their teens at the corners of our streets, and even schools insulting strangers, as well as our own people.

From that time, through the district school system, the teacher boarded around, so many days for each one. Whenever a family had several children at school they became very strict in the matter, and if they thought a teacher's time was fairly up, they never hesitated to tell him so ; yet, I never

heard of any family here being so particular as the one in another town in our state, of whom it is related, that on the occasion of the teacher's time being just out as they were eating a meal, "the man told the school-master he was entitled to about half a meal, but he might finish it as he didn't want to be mean about it."

And a few years later than the school of Mr. Hibbard, one was taught by the daughter of Col. Taylor, of park memory. It is also known that when our town was chartered in 1763, one share was designated for that purpose; as in many other towns. The first law in relation to schools in our State was passed in the legislature Oct. 22d, 1782.

Mr. Kingman gave the first lot for a primary school in town. Lotteries were also legalized by our legislature over sixty years ago, to raise money for the support of common schools.

Some seventy-five years ago a school was taught in the north-east corner of the Stranahan lot, as individuals now verging on octogenarianism inform me, who attended the school, and that the mode of correction varied somewhat from that of the present age. "The old-time school-marm," according to the customs of the age, wore three heavy quilted petticoats, and about twelve o'clock, not being the possessor of a watch, would, with much pomp, make a "noon mark," and they who

presumed to smile at this gymnastic performance would receive a slap from her slipper. This was her usual mode of inflicting punishment, for about twice a week she would take off her slipper, and go the grand rounds and slap the chops of the scholars. Inasmuch as the

FRANKLIN COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL

was chartered in 1799, it is reasonable to infer there existed feeders for it in the form of private and district schools before it opened in 1803, between which time and 1825, there were several. Previous to 1825 our first Female Seminary was opened in the little building east of the Blaisdell store.

In 1842, it was decided to build a larger Female Seminary, in connection with the Franklin County Grammar School. It having been decided to locate it north of the Kendall house, it became necessary to remove the old bake shop in the corner, and who among us recalls that memorable event? A double row of oxen, fifty yoke in a row, lead by the Trustees in their shirt sleeves, wearing ten cent straw hats, dragging "that treasured relict" through Main Street. I well remember the occasion, as it seemed like a funeral procession; every gee and haw was the death knell of our gingerbread. Who has forgotten those unctious

morsels? Oh, gingerbread of our youth; sweet solace; gentle tickler of the palate; so fair, so chaste; so free from meal; so free from sawdust; we ne'er shall see thy like again.

And who to that ever beheld "the quaint old pedagogue," at the head of "the institution" from 1842 to 1846, will soon forget him. Methinks I see him now, in that swallow-tail coat reaching to his heels, and the huge stock, with a collar above it, the two about eleven inches high, and oh! that majestic tuft of hair, soaring afar up to the ceiling, which could only be compared to an Egyptian obelisk. I tell you, my friends, what that dignified and scholarly man didn't teach us of orthography, we made up in sin-tax.

But this picture would remain unfinished without some notice of "the Saintly Dame," who prepared us for this higher hall of education. And who remembers

Good Aunt Ruth?
"The Mentor of our Youth."

And the drawing of those maps on our slates? The boxes of paints, with which we placed on paper all the states in course. And then to those marches, clapping our hands around the stove, repeating the multiplication table in rhyme.

Twice one is two, I'll teach you something new.
Twice two are four, we repeat it o'er and o'er.
Twice three are six, we pick up sticks.

Twice four are eight, we lay them straight.
Twice five are ten, a good fat hen.

Good old soul. Her name is enrolled among the saints. Well may we who knew her best exclaim "Requiescat in pace."

A PLEA FOR TEACHERS.

Being conscious of what most of our teachers have to contend with, I am convinced that if there is a class that are entitled to a pension it is the teachers, and the author has frequently thought if he should ever descend to the level of politics, his first petition would be, that any teacher who should spend thirty continuous years in the State at that occupation should receive a pension of fifteen hundred dollars a year. We would then retain the services of our most efficient instructors in our own state, who would be enabled to create a home, and their surplus could be expended in books, and cultivating the powers of observation, and have a pension to anticipate, as a solace for their declining years. Or in language still more pertinent to the subject, there is one thing on which we cannot insist with too much earnestness, as it contains unquestionably a main cause of many existing evils. I refer to the insufficient salaries of teachers in many localities. If there are any men in the community who toil hard, with stubborn materials,

with few encouragements, and with many annoyances, and whose pecuniary remuneration is entirely disproportionate to the value of their labor, it is the public teacher, and this with the same propriety includes the female teachers. Why is it so? Do they deserve to be more meanly paid than the members of other professions? Ought their rank in society to be lower than that of the members of other professions? Do they not deserve the comforts of social life, and the respect of society as much as our clergy, our physicians and our lawyers, whose attainments and genius are often inferior? It is believed if the people would reply practically to these queries, by doing to others as they might justly expect others would do to them in similar circumstances. I believe if this were done, that the condition of the teachers would be meliorated, by a reasonable augmentation of their hard-earned income. By raising the emoluments of public instruction there would be less inducement to abandon the business of tuition for the other professions or for other occupations, of which we have had examples here, which, being more lucrative, are almost invariably sought after. Teachers would limit their ambition to the principalship of higher schools and professorships of colleges; and thus the services of competent and experienced teachers would be secured, during

life, to the public. At present, as soon as individuals begin to acquire some celebrity as teachers, they are invited and attracted by some position which offers a larger income.

OUR PRESENT SYSTEM.

The management of our schools at the present time are striving to have them commensurate with the progress of the age, yet the mode of instruction fifty years ago was better calculated to prepare the youth, living under a republican government, to face the stern realities of life than our more modern system.

Our past history as well as the personal observations of our older residents demonstrates this fact, as we know our past schools have furnished many brilliant and useful members who have attained eminence in their chosen occupations, and notwithstanding the slight encouragement given here to learning, genius, and culture, yet every state in the Union has received the benefit from our St. Albans schools.

There is no doubt concerning the qualifications of our present teachers. But there are some changes that might be made that would conduce to the future benefit of the students, and here at the shire it is to begin. For it is an undisputed fact that our greatest men and our most accomplished

women received their best education, and can attribute their success in life to the district schools and academies, instead of the higher and more fashionable seats of instruction. For at either of the former both sexes can graduate, and then take up a judicious course of reading on history, the arts and sciences, botany, poetry, the drama, and the ancient classics, and in one-half the time, and for half the expense usually spent in a university or fashionable boarding-school, they will be better stocked with useful information and general intelligence than if they graduated from either.

I am conscious it will be asked, what does life in a fashionable boarding-school amount to. Well, it is generally, not always, a mere place where young ladies are crammed for exhibition like Thanksgiving turkeys for market; and thousands of wives and mothers are annually sent out into society, who are never so much amazed at anything, as at the depth of their own learning, while in reality they are mere pigmies in knowledge, mere empty sciolists, padded with affectation, stiffened with philosophical buckram, and arrayed in a pompous patchwork of innumerable shreds, taken from the modern rag bag of popular catechisms. Carlyle thus endorses the value of the course of reading just recommended. "All that a university or final highest school can do for us is still but

what the first school began doing—teach us to read. We learn to read in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manners of books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the books themselves. It depends on what we read, after all manner of professors have done their best for us. The true university of these days is a collection of books." Hence the necessity of making our primary schools and academies as near perfection as possible; and that every town containing four or five thousand inhabitants should be provided with a library of useful books.

I would suggest the following changes in our present schools: Restore the New Testament as a text book; abrogate the dead languages, as the English translations of the ancient classics are now within the reach of all; consume no time in prayer and sacred song, the place for them is the home and Sunday-school; but revive the old-fashioned singing, spelling, writing and debating schools, for evening recreation, and introduce into schools of every grade a work on "Common Law," the study of which would save many pupils much trouble, and their parents much mortification, being a study which should be regarded full as important as the one recently adopted by our school boards. The writer, however, admits that a perceptible change

for the better has transpired of late in our schools. He is also conscious that all he might state in bracing up a mere theory of education, would not deter many from attending colleges and boarding-schools. He therefore cordially endorses our own State Universities, Normal Schools and Female Seminaries, where the advantages are superior to most, and equal to those in all other states.

OUR WRITERS.

We have had but few men among us whose literary efforts have been published, but among the number we can mention John G. Saxe, who attended our Academy, and several years afterward as a citizen, wrote here his celebrated poem, entitled "Progress," by which he acquired his first reputation as a poet. He was also the author of several other poems, sonnets and epigrams, among which are the following:

RHYME OF THE RAIL.

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale,
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

Men of different stations,
In the eye of fame
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together!

Gentlemen in shorts,
Looming very tall,
Gentlemen at large,
Talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights,
With a loosish mien;
Gentlemen in gray,
Looking rather green.

Gentlemen quite old,
Asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black,
In a fit of blues;
Gentlemen in claret,
Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in tweed,
Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,
Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the Knicker–
Bocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left,
Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores amain
Like the seven sleepers;
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation
How the man grew stupid
From association!

Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks,
Roguish-looking fellow,
Turning to stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger!

Woman with her baby,
Sitting vis-a-vis;
Baby keeps a squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!

Market woman careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
Riding on the Rail!

1255307

SONNET TO A CLAM.

Dum tacent Clamant.

Inglorious friend! most confident I am
Thy life is one of very little ease;
Albeit men mock thee with their similes
And prate of being happy as a clam!
What though thy shell protects thy fragile head
From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea?
Thy valves are, sure, no safety-valves to thee,
While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed,
And bear thee off—as foremen take their spoil,—
Far from thy friends and family to roam;
Forced, like a Hessian, from thy native home,
To meet destruction in a foreign broil!
Though thou art tender, yet thy humble bard
Declares, O, clam! thy case is shocking hard!

It is also pleasant to record that we now have among us, females who were educated here, who possess talents, which, if more fully developed, would place them upon the very pinnacle of literary fame. Also others, who for a long time were of us, but went out from us. Among this number

is a lady near by, who was one of our highly esteemed inhabitants for many years, of whom the historian of Vermont describes as "The most gifted lady writer in the State," and of whom another writes as follows: "I know not another woman of more deep and sweet culture in the state." In which we recognize Mrs. Julia P——S——, the wife of a once leading lawyer in St. Albans, whose poetry if published, would place the refined and modest authoress on the apex of poetic renown. And still another of the same family, who resided here so long, and our present writers being so scarce, it is hoped the people of a neighboring town will excuse the author for claiming the following touching lines as a part of our own history.

LAURA'S LAMENT FOR HER NIECE.

BY LAURA P. SMALLEY.

Tis ever thus—oh! ever thus,
The blossoms of today,
The loved, the bright, the beautiful,
Are first to fade away.
Oh! why, all Righteous Father, why?
Wake "unconscious dust;"
Why raise our expectations high,
Then disappoint our trust?

Was it in mercy, or in wrath,
This transient flower was lent

To shed its fragrance o'er our path,
Then leave us to lament?
Oh! better far without the ray
Of joy that ends in pain;
Of hopes that blossom for a day,
Then turn to dust again.

But, hush! rebellious heart be still;
Be every thought subdued
Submissive to his holy will,
The Father chastens whom he loves,
He takes what he has given;
The children whom he most approves
He earliest marks for heaven.

And still a younger one, who is now of us, from whose pen emanated the following lines, suggested upon receiving a spray of leaves from Jeff Davis' garden in Richmond. By S. A. W.

Poor leaves, no wonder that you look
Old, withered, and forlorn;
You've been where sterner spirits shook
And trembled in the storm.
I do not know your name, but breathes
Sweet perfume on the air;
I've wound your kind in summer wreaths,
And thought them sweet and fair.

They brought me happy thoughts and words,
And visions pure and sweet;
I'm haunted now by clashing swords,
And tread of marching feet.
I see the sentinel, at night,

Pause to inhale thy breath;
Thy mates in festive halls of light,
Saw Richmond's "dance of death."

Thy sun which made thee bright and fair,
With kisses all the day,
Looked in through grated windows, where
My dying soldier lay.
The moon which through the boughs did trace
A hole for thy head;
O'er his pale forehead threw with tender grace
A veil when he was dead.

The breeze which kissed thee, bore his soul
Beyond the outposts of the years,
Poor leaves, I have thy tender message conned,
Through a dim mist of tears.
Why did he not, the rebel chieftain, pause
When lay within his reach
The truthful lesson found in nature's laws,
Which these poor leaves could teach.

He could have plucked then from the parent stem,
Which at his door-stone lay,
And studied out that several states like them,
Could live but for a day.
His cause has failed, his guardian angel grieves
And weeps, but hopes no more;
His name, his fame, his honors, are dead leaves,
Upon a barren shore.

St. Albans, August, 1865.

And now, running down the plane of history to the present centennial year, it is pleasant to observe we have in our midst a gifted lady writer.

the authoress of "From Dawn to Sunrise," which in my opinion is much the smartest book ever written in Vermont. The author of this history would have been pleased to have incorporated some extracts at this time, but fearing he might not have made a judicious selection, refrains from so doing.

OUR RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS AND SPIRITUAL TEACHERS.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

As religious instruction goes hand in hand with secular education, it is proper to notice our religious bodies and early spiritual guides. Unless our soil was first pressed by the feet of the self-sacrificing and devoted Jesuit missionaries, the people of St. Albans received no religious instruction previous to 1792, except from straggling parsons, on their way from Canada to England, in which year came the Rev. Eben Hibbard, a Congregational minister, who labored among our people as parson and school teacher for about two years. In 1795, the Rev. Z. Ross, a man of good intentions, but not overstocked with understanding, with a tinge of romance, located near the brow of Bellevue; of whom it is related that when he came into the village to hold service, there were more men and boys chasing squirrels around the

original stumps on the common, than were inside worshipping. On Sept. 6th, 1796, at our town meeting, Jonnathan Hoit, Levi House and David Nicholls were appointed a committee to procure a minister for three months, who, after consulting the Rev. Aaron Collins, another meeting was called, when it was voted to raise eight dollars on the grand list. At this meeting a committee was appointed to select a lot for a meeting house, but the town never voted to build a Congregational meeting house on our grand list. March 7th, 1799, a committee was appointed to hire a minister with a view to settling. In May, 1801, it was again voted to hire a minister, and that a tax of two cents on the dollar be raised to pay a minister one year; he to preach one-third of the time at the Bay, and two-thirds in the village.

In 1802, thirty-five dollars was voted to pay Rev. Mr. Dickinson for his year's services. In 1803, the town voted to settle Rev. Joel Foster, at a salary of $500 a year, and that he deed to the town the minister's lot.

He however was not settled here as the first minister. But the church was organized January 2d, 1803, under his direction, consisting of nine members. About two years afterward, the Rev. Jonnathan Nye was ordained March 5th, 1805. His ordination was opposed by some of the stronger

Calvinistic Congregationalist clergymen, who composed the council, on account of his Socinian views. But he was so eloquent and talented, his un-orthodox creed was overlooked, and our Congregational Church was organized, *with a Unitarian pastor*, who, however, never avowed his principles from the pulpit. He became very popular, especially with the young, and as a former historian states "would attend their evening parties and would look with interest as they were amusing themselves with cards." It is also stated "that he carried a letter from a man in St. Albans to one in Sheldon, containing a challenge to a duel. These circumstances, in addition to his supposed heterodoxy, created the dissatisfaction which arose in the church." He preached a farewell sermon although he was never regularly dismissed. One of the male members being asked how he liked it? replied, "very well, but the farewell was the best on it." Another outside the congregation who was present said "It was the strangest sermon he ever heard. He did not believe another such sermon could be found in the Bible." "He talked about people putting their property out of their hands to cheat their creditors, of drinking, gambling, and horse-racing." During his residence here he married the daughter of one of our

early merchants, and continued here several years after resigning his pastorate.

The next clergyman employed was the Rev. Daniel Haskell, who was solicited to become their pastor, which he declined, to serve the Second Congregational Church in Burlington, who afterwards became president of the University of Vermont.

The Rev. Allen Hazen then preached six months, under whose ministrations the church prospered, but the society desiring a more attractive preacher, he was not called. In 1810, Rev. Wm. Dunlap received a call to become their minister, which he declined. In November, 1811, Rev. Willard Preston was called and labored among them for about three years. He gave universal satisfaction, but failing health induced him to resign, recovering which, he was afterwards appointed president of the University of Vermont. In 1819, Henry P. Strong was installed pastor. He was arbitrary in church government, and of a worldly turn of mind. His salary for those early times was $800 per year, and his people thought he should devote more time to spiritual affairs than he did in accumulating property, consequently he was dismissed Oct. 23d, 1821.

The Rev. Elijah Brainerd served them next for a year or so, when he received orders in the Epis-

copal Church, acting as missionary priest in charge of St. Albans, Fairfield, and Sheldon.

The next settled minister was the Rev. Worthington Smith, the Christian gentleman, who served the church faithfully and well for over twenty-six years, when he was dismissed to become the president of the University of Vermont: and ever since, this society have enjoyed the ministrations of "the ablest expounders of divine truth." They began worshiping in a private house, which continued until the completion of the Court House, which they occupied until the erection of their church in 1825. It is very proper for the author to remark that the customs and sentiments of this religious body have undergone great changes since his boyhood. If they were slow in renouncing the austerities of a primitive belief, they were ever active in the practice of "the Christian virtues, and as I can testify, there was no class more prompt and attentive at the sick-bed of their neighbors than they; and their example has not been lost on their descendants." While the creed of this sect has ever been the Westminister catechism, and their platform a parquetry of old Saybrook and Cambridge plank. Yet they have advanced in religious thought, and exhibited liberality in channels we little dreamed. Their former customs being in accordance with primitive orthodoxy; turning their

backs to the minister, when standing in prayer; ignoring the cross, "that emblem of Christianity;" in fact, every approach to ecclesiasticism. Closing their place of business at sundown on Saturday night, not a shoe was blacked, nor a newspaper read, until sundown on Sunday. No mails were received, no riding, nor walking for pleasure during that time. No card playing, no dancing, nor novel reading were allowed, except an occasional peep into Cooper, Irving, and Scott. But what a change! May it prove to them that "the ways of religion are the ways of pleasantness and peace."

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

There appears to be no notice of any clergyman of this denomination holding service in this town previous to 1798, unless it was by some missionary or itinerant passing through the country, who was generally invited to hold service.

In 1799, the eccentric Lorenzo Dow is said to have officiated in the house of Silas Hatherway, after this in the log house of David Nicholls, in the corner of the old cemetery, during which service the wealthiest man in town pulled his nose, and informed him if he did not get out he would horse-whip him.

It is reported in the quarterly conference records that a collection of forty-two cents was received

from St. Albans. Sept. 21st, 1800, the celebrated revivalist and great apostle of New England Methodism, Jesse Lee, preached in the old house, the Azel Church's place, now standing opposite the residence of Mr. H. P. Seymour; who refers to the occasion in his diary "that he had a sweet time in preaching to the strange people."

In 1801, the first class was formed on St. Albans Point, and is assumed to be the first religious society formed in our town. It is, however, recorded that Methodism was confined to the Point region previous to 1809, and as early as 1807 the Rev. Reuben Harris was settled there on a farm; who held meetings along the McQuam shore to Swanton. About this time another class was formed near Georgia Bay, which preaching place was removed to a barn, on the Duclos place, now occupied by his son-in-law, Mr. Herrick, which today bears the name of "The Old Battle Ground of St. Albans Methodism." These meetings on the Point, and on the Duclos place, were kept up until 1812. The first regular service, with sermon, was held soon after in the log house of David Nicholls. Then a large room of the Academy was fitted up for public worship. At the quarterly conference held Sept. 14th, 1815, the official board voted to purchase land on St. Albans Street on which to build a chapel, which was accordingly

done in 1819, and the building completed in 1820, but was remodelled twice before the present fine specimen of ecclesiological architecture was erected.

But these people have changed their customs and sentiments within the past forty years, full as much as the other denominations. As I now recall their first house of worship, it had no steeple, no bell, and no instrumental music. The sexes were separated. The men and their sons sat on one side, the mothers and daughters on the other. The women wore no bows nor flowers on their bonnets, simply a piece of ribbon laid plain over the crown; and, as now, they well ignored the circus, the horse trot, and the dime novel. This continued until about 1850, when one of the most talented, but narrow-minded clergymen in the state, who went from here, startled his congregation by saying, "the members of his denomination were distinguished for their plainness of dress, but he preferred to have them known for their good works. As for himself, he liked to have the sisters dress, and to wear any articles of jewelry presented them as tokens of regard" In those days it was almost impossible to have them accept flowers in times of joy and seasons of grief. But now how changed! Look at their elegant houses of worship. Even a bishop's daughter can be mar-

ried in church, surrounded with blooming flowers, cages of singing birds, and stained glass windows, marching down the aisle to the strains of the wedding march.

And the author takes pleasure in recording that they are improving in intelligence and refinement, and their clergy, in learning and culture, each conference year.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

As to this church, there were four members of different families as early as 1812, who were church going people. These would gather, with others, at private houses, reading the liturgy and enjoying the occasional services of clergymen, which was kept up three years, when a missionary, stationed at Fairfield, the oldest society in the county, officiated every fifth Sunday in the Court House, at which time the Congregationalists, who had suffered from many divisions, united with them for a time. In 1823, Rev. Dr. Smith, that good man, was settled over the Congregationalists. The Episcopalians then held services in the Academy, but who united with the former and the Methodists in weekly prayer meetings in the small building east of the Blaisdell store, and I am fearful it was a series of love feasts we shall not witness again in St. Albans.

About this time another act of Christian fellowship transpired which is worthy of mention. The Episcopal clergyman lost a child, and invited his classmate, the Congregational minister, to officiate, who donned the gown and read the burial service of the church. He afterwards being likewise afflicted, the Episcopal rector conducted the service according to Congregational usage. This society built their first church in 1825, and for a year, at least, there were but three regular attendants. Since then it has been remodelled, and the society has passed through many vicissitudes, before the erection of the present edifice.

This people have always been distinguished for their good works, lavish hospitality, and their broad and comprehensive views of life, while their clergy have generally been known for their scholarly attainments and practical piety.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

As to the clergy and teachers of this faith, we have no record of their missionaries ever attempting to establish a mission here, as they did in a neighboring town, in the 16th Century. But there is no doubt in supposing they frequently passed through our town to and from Canada, hoping to find some isolated tribe of redmen to bring under the influence of Christianity.

It is stated that as early as 1804, two ladies of "The Sacred Heart," were so charmed with the situation this side of Bellevue, at the right, on the road to Fairfield, thought seriously of establishing an institution there. This society, "Ladies of the Sacred Heart," is an order of French Nuns, founded in France in 1800, a short time after which, several of its members started out to establish branches in different countries throughout the world. The members referred to were travelling in this country and the Canadas for that purpose, there being at this time several in the United States.

A few years later, two foreign monks, travelling through the country, talked of founding a monastery in the same place.

But not until about 1830 were there a sufficient number of the Catholic faith to assemble for the purpose of receiving instruction from one of their priests. The first of whom was the Rev. Jeremiah O. Callaghan, who located in Burlington, as a missionary for the state. He said mass for the first time in the old Court House. The second time, in a log school-house, on the Thorp farm.

He was an able ecclesiastic. The author of several books, a successful, but somewhat eccentric disciplinarian, yet accomplished much for the church by his sagacity and self-denying labors.

Since then, "The Catholic Church" here, has been served by an efficient priesthood, and latterly by those of profound learning; none of whom have ever shirked their office, by sending patent tracts where they were able to go themselves. In summer heat and wintry cold; they have always trod the pathway of duty. Among their congregations are many bright minds, and in appearance, each one and all, will compare favorably with the more fortunate members of the other religious bodies.

THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Among our first settlers, there were a few professing a belief in the tenets of this faith. But there were not enough to form a society until 1830, many of whom had adopted this belief during the dissensions that prevailed in the older organizations; and they have always been ministered to by men of intellectual ability. They had to be able men to maintain their position amid the strong, yea, bitter opposition, that beset them on all sides, for it came from all the churches but one. Our early Universalists lived correct Christian lives, but were so indifferent to outward forms, were regarded by the orthodox people as semi-infidels. Of late years a great change has been observed in the treatment of them by their former

opponents. Various reasons have been attributed for this change of sentiment. Perhaps the most plausible one is the discovery of "the Cordex Sinaiticus, by Von Tischendorf, now known to be a genuine text of the New Testament, wherein the dogmas of a Trinity, and the co-eternal deity of Christ, have been discovered to be impositions on the Bible." In other words, the only verse that favors a Trinity, in our present Testament, or rather the one upon which a belief is based, viz.: Gen. Epis. John, fifth chapter, seventh verse, "For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one," is not to be found in the original text. And it is possible that the dim cloisters of orthodoxy have been illumined in some localities by the calcium light of "Higgins Anacalypsis." The result is, that the orthodox believers now consider the Universalists as good as they are. Consequently they meet them half way, and shake hands over what cannot possibly affect their future state. The Universalists never having attached much importance to public profession, believing that heaven was attained by action and not by words, have adopted what may be pleasing, but non-essential for salvation, viz.: a liturgy. The observance of Christmas and Easter: the great Festivals of the Primitive Church. They

baptise and commune, have evening prayer meetings, and Sunday-schools, and let us hope the present generation are better and happier for these innovations. As I recall our old Universalist fathers and mothers, I take pleasure in adhering to my former opinion, that a more honest and worthy class of people never existed in St. Albans.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH

This society of Christians is of more recent origin than the others. I remember when a youth, over forty years ago, of but one invidual who was known here as a Baptist, who resided just north of our old homestead, and was the estimable widow of Dr. Chester Able, after whom the late ex-President Arthur was named. This church has been served by pastors of ability, and the people connected with it will now equal any of our religious bodies in those elements of character that constitute Christian men and women. These people, however, have changed their customs full as much as the other dissenting sects, since it was first organized in this country by Roger Williams, an Episcopalian clergyman, for they too are not inclined to remain in the pool of stagnation, and accordingly keep the great festivals of the mother church, with Christmas decorations, Easter flowers and sermons.

With the others, they begin to behold the dawn of the great warfare in religious thought. That the tendency of the age is progression in two directions, and that it is better to unite with their Christian brethren for mutual protection, keeping pace with this advance, than to be swamped by the new faith; as they know that organized bodies have their choice, as well as individuals, to float gently into the embracing arms of ecclesiasticism, or to drift among the shoals of rationalism, and finally sink amid the quicksands of materialism.

OUR PHYSICIANS.

With these early physicians for the soul, came also physicians for the body. With the exception of an Indian doctress, who lingered among the first settlers, there were none nearer than Burlington, until fifteen years after the settlement of the town. This doctress, Madam Crappo, by name, with roots and barks, performed miracles with the cast-iron stomachs of the early settlers.

OUR FIRST DOCTORS.

As early as 1793, Dr. John Warner came from Bennington, who had been an officer in the Revolutionary War, and a near relative of the famous Vermont patriot, Seth Warner. Dr. Warner located in the extreme northern limits of our

town, and enjoyed a large practice, according to the botanic mode.

In 1796, Dr. Coit built the large, square house that stood north of the Congregational Church, which was sold in 1797 to Dr. Simons, the son-in-law of Isaiah Thomas, the first book publisher in America; who also opened the first bookstore here, in 1806, supplied by his father-in-law.

In 1797, we had Dr. Pomeroy, who became our first postmaster.

In 1802, Dr. Julius Hoit located on the corner of Nason Street.

In 1803, Dr. Ephraim Little located in the McCarroll house, South Main Street, and became the father-in-law of the Rev. Dr. Smith.

In 1807, Dr. Benjamin Chandler came, who was the father of our late venerable Dr. I. L. Chandler. Near this time was a Dr. John Stoddard, who built the store on the corner of Main and Fairfield Streets. We then had old Dr. Hall, Dr. Branch, Dr. I. L. Chandler, Dr. Ballou, Dr. Stevens, all of whom were skillful practitioners. With the latter five, and since then, every branch of medicine has been represented in St. Albans—botanic, magnetic, steam, eclectic, and homeopathy.

In this connection, it may be well to relate an anecdote in relation to a Dr. Holdridge, who

located here some sixty years ago, and who manufactured Holdridge's Green Plaster. Being in a bar room, one day, was accused of running away from the last place he lived in. He replied it was true, and explained why. "That he was passing some machine works, and was informed a knife had fallen and cut off the heads of a white man and a negro. That having stuck their heads on with his famous plaster, it was discovered he had stuck the black head on the white body, and the white head on the black one. So he ran away to St. Albans for protection."

OUR FIRST STEAM DOCTOR.

It is well to mention the advent of the first steam doctor among us. He daily paraded the streets, with a broad brim white hat, and with Hyacinthine locks flowing over his shoulders. He wore a three-story shirt collar, and was arrayed in a long dressing gown, of furniture print. At that time there were fifteen or twenty medical students here, and the following exquisite lines demonstrates a poet among them :

Now's the time for steam and pepper,
Go it wind-bag in a gown,
Raise the dead and cleanse the leper,
Make a doctor of a clown.

With all your ills, I welcome you ;
Cases cute and cases chronic,

Cured up by a hot drop tonic,
And a pleasant steam box stew.

But those days have passed away. The old-time calomel pot, and the purgeing, bleeding, and blistering have almost become obsolete. And to-day we have among us, a class of physicians, both schools, who have no reason to yield the palm of superiority to any one in New England. Who are able to grapple successfully with any disease human flesh is heir to, except three, which seem to be incurable, viz.: "The itch for glory," "the goitre of egotism," and that worst of all fevers, known as "auri sacra fames."

As our physicians like to associate long lives with their profession, this seems to be the proper place to give them some notice in this work.

REMARKABLE INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY.

Among those whom I have personally known, and have learned from an authentic source to have either lived or died here, are the following: A Mr. DeFrancis, a soldier under the 1st Napoleon, whose certificate I have seen, died in 1876, after his return from the Centennial, at the age of 110.

Joseph Glosson,	104	Mrs. Tullar, 3d,	99
Mrs. Amy Pollinson,	103	Daniel Clark,	92

Mrs. ——Clark,	103	A. B. Baldwin,	91
Nathan Smith,	101	Mrs. Holyoake,	92
Madam Antonia,	100	Charles O. Neal,	91
Mrs. Carter,	99	Henry Prince,	91
Peter Phelps,	98	Wheat Beals,	90
Mrs. Tullar,	98	Wm. Ischam,	90
Mrs. Aldis,	98	Dr. Chandler,	90
W. O. Gadcomb,	98	Mrs. McCarroll,	90
Mrs. Brigham,	96	Daniel O'Neal,	90
Wm. Robson,	95	Abner Morton,	90
Miss Mollie Doon,	95	Orange Ferriss,	90
Loomis Hoit,	95	Hiram Hatherway,	89
Nathan Green,	93	Mrs. E. L. Jones,	89
Azel Ischam,	94	Wm. Bridges,	89
Wooster McDuffy,	92	John Whittemore,	89
Mrs. Doolan,	92	Mrs. Whittemore,	89
Mrs. Brace,	92	Mrs. Nash,	89
Another Mrs. Tullar,	92	Mrs. Ischam,	88
Mrs. Green,	92	Gen. Nason,	88
Mrs. Woodbeck,	90	Mrs. Parsons,	88

In whose footsteps others are fast approaching, as at this writing we have among us several, ranging from 88 to 95, and when they too shall have passed to "The Harvest Home of the Great Reaper," others upon whose heads rest the silver diadem of age, will fill their places.

ST. ALBANS AS THE SHIRE, AND OUR EARLY LAWYERS.

With our earliest physicians, clergy, and schools, we had advanced so rapidly in civilization and re-

finement by 1793, that the subject of a Court House and jail became agitated; in which year St. Albans became the shire of the newly organized county. Previous to 1793, no lawyer had ventured to hang out his shingle, notifying the public he wished to gain a living out of their disputes. The first session of court was held in the Hoit house. The first lawyer admitted was John Mattocks, during the February Term of that year. Our first State's Attorney was Gen. Levi House, who, for several years, was the most conspicuous lawyer in town. He represented the gloss and glitter element of society. He erected the finest residence in the county, being situated where stands "the Warner Hospital." It was of octagon shape, and the parlor curtains were composed of hundred dollar counterfeit bills. Like many other successful attorneys, he assumed much pomp, his presence never failing to create a sensation among our early settlers, being rotund in form and rubicund in complexion. His importance was much enhanced, in his own opinion, by being elected Brigadier-General of the Militia, and when he was authorized by the legislature, to organize two companies to protect the shipping at St. Albans Bay, he had reached the top round of his military ambition. In other words, he was overcome by military glory and rum, and when poor, was deserted

by his friends, becoming an object of charity during his last days.

THE SHIRE AGAIN.

There had been so much wrangling over the location of the shire, and so sure were some that it would be Fairfield, that Judge Turner opened a law school at the Center, "from which institution here and there," states a historian, "went forth 74 students, a larger number than from any private law school in New England," some of whom became the ablest lawyers in Canada and the United States. As before stated, it was located here. The courts, previous to 1803, were held in the Hoit house. The first jail was a lean-to, to the Coit house. The first sheriff was Prince B. Hall. The second jail was built of basswood logs, and stood where the Welden now stands. The third near the Episcopal Church, and the present exquisite specimen of architecture was built in 1828, partly consumed by fire, rebuilt in 1858, which should be stuffed and preserved in a glass case.

Soon after the shire was established, the lawyers flowed in like a wave of the sea. Among the earliest were, Levi House, Thadeus Rice, Seth Wetmore, Asael Langworthy, Roswell Hutchins, Abner Morton, Gen. Fassett, Daniel Benedict,

Bates Turnet, founder of law school and Judge of Supreme Court; C. P. Van Ness, Governor and U. S. Minister to Spain; Asa Aldis, Chief Justice; Benjamin Swift, U. S. Senator; John Smith, M. C.; Wm. Brayton, Judge; Stephen Royce, Chief Justice and Governor; James Davis, a sound lawyer and the ablest writer in the county. Those were followed by Smalley & Adams, David Reed, S. S. Brown, Joseph H. Brainerd, Orlando Stevens, Gam B. Sawyer, Hunt & Nutting, H. R. Beardsley, O. A. Aldis, J. G. Smith, J. J. Deavitt, R. H. Hoit, Homer E. & Heman S. Royce, Jasper Rand, H. G. Edson, Geo. F. Houghton, G. G. Hunt, C. Beckwith, J. G. Saxe, and so on, many of whom have, and are now, occupying high positions, and the others qualified and deserving of them. Take the bar, from Judges Aldis and Turner, down, it was regarded, comprising as it did, most of the county lawyers, the ablest bar in the state. And in this connection, I would mention with respectful memory our old friends, Hons. Augustus Burt, W. C. Wilson, and H. E. Hubbell, and with more than ordinary reverence, the name of him, whose shadow now illumes our hall of justice—Stephen Royce, who verily "walked a king among men." But most of those men have entered that higher court, where appeals are unknown, and where justice shines ever bright like

"The lamp of Naptha
In the Alabaster Vase."

In relating these verities, it is nothing to the disparagement of our present bar, who have been increasing in legal lore, and will now compare favorably with any bar in Vermont.

In those early days the customs varied somewhat from those of the present time. The sheriff then escorted the judges across the common to the bench, with a drawn sword, and court was opened in the same manner. Within my own remembrance, the judges wore ruffled shirts, with majestic collars, and long, broadcloth cloaks, faced with velvet, appearing the very embodiment of justice and lofty dignity.

It may be well to add here, that the first trial was long before the location of the shire. It was of a man, for stealing corn from Mr. Welden, whose sentence was to receive thirty-nine lashes on the naked back. The last one so punished in the state was in 1807, on the north end of the park, which was applied by the sheriff.

As lawyers did not work for nothing at that time, any more than they do now, it was deemed essential to have a bank to deposit their fees.

OUR BANKS.

As early as 1807, John Curtis, a leading merchant of St. Albans, and others, petitioned the Vermont Legislature for a branch of the State Bank, to be established in St. Albans, which was acted upon very soon after; in the wooden building, now standing on the corner of Main and Congress Streets, then known as East Street; which building was erected in 1802. In 1826, a bank was chartered, which began business near the present store of Clark & Hatch, and afterwards a building was erected about where the Welden Bank is now located. Its charter expired, and was renewed, the last one expiring in 1856. *And we have had other banks since ? ? ?*

Our present ones appear to be well managed, and worthy of public confidence.

OUR NEWSPAPERS.

In all newly settled places, wherever there is money and news, a paper, to take the former and give the latter, is generally on hand at short notice.

In the year 1807, when our first bank was established, our first paper was published, under the name of

"THE ST. ALBANS ADVISER," BY RUFUS ALLEN.

I will give some extracts from some of our earliest papers, which, even in this progressive age, will prove interesting, and will occasionally comment upon them. The older readers will recall the building, so long occupied by Mr. Atwood, near the store now used by J. A. Bedard. This old store was situated some distance west of Main Street, and was occupied previous to 1810, by Carter Hicock, a merchant, and a part of it in 1807, as our first printing office. Afterwards it was moved up to Main Street, on a line with the other stores, and enlarged for the store of Taylor Bros., previous to 1829. Here, follow some notices of those times:

"THE NORTH RIVER STEAMBOAT

Will leave Pauler's Hook (Jersey Citty,) on Friday, 4th of September, at 9 o'clock p. m. Provissions, good births, and accommodations are provided. The charge to each passenger is as follows:

To Newburgh,	3 dollars,	time,	14	hours.
" Poughkeepsie,	4 "	"	17	"
" Esopus,	5 "	"	20	"
" Hudson,	5½ "	"	30	"
" Albany,	7 "	"	36	"

The editor copies from "Albany Gazette," September, 1807.

"The Adviser" learns from same paper Oct. 5.

"Mr. Fulton's steamboat left New York against a strong tide, very rough water, and a violent gale from the north. She made a headway, against the most sanguine expectations, and without being rocked by the waves."

The name of this first steamboat was "The Clermont," for the first season, but was changed the following year. Calling this Mr. Fulton's boat, has subjected him to some criticism in connection with being the real author of applying steam power to navigation. While "The Clermont" may have made the first successful voyage, it has been proven that it was invented by a Vermonter, in our own state. For as early as 1791. Capt. Samuel Morey, of Fairlee, applied steam power to a small boat, on the Connecticut River, and afterwards on Fairlee Pond, where he resided, which worked so successfully, that Capt. Morey afterwards exhibited his model in New York, in the presence of Fulton and a moneyed man, by the name of Livingston, who became satisfied of its success, and offered Capt. Morey $100,000 for his invention, which, being refused, Fulton, aided by Livingston, obtained a patent for himself, while Morey was perfecting his invention, with the same object in view.

NEWS FOR 1807.

"A branch of the State Bank is soon to be established on the corner of Main and East Streets."

"*Aaron Burr* arrested for treason."

"*Cardinal York*, the last of the Stuarts, is dead."

"*The author of* '*Salmagundi*,' is a young writer by the name of Washington Irving."

"A good prospect of '*the Second Steamboat in the World*,' being built, next year, in Burlington, for a line boat on Lake Champlain."

4TH JULY BOAT RIDE.

Sloop Lady Washington will leave *St. Albans Bay* on the morning of the 4th, at 9 o'clock a. m., touching at the islands on passage to Plattsburgh and return. Tickets $2.00 per couple. Dinner 25 cents. Accommodations for dancing, which is free.

"NOTICE OF INDIGNATION MEETING."

As our first newspaper approached the end of its existence, in the early part of 1808, it contained the following:

"A regularly called town meeting, of the inhabitants of St. Albans, adopted a memorial to President Jefferson, denying the imputation of his proclamation, and expressed their indignation with his administration. And it was signed by our citizens, Asa Fuller, John Gates, Azariah Brooks, selectmen, and Seth Wetmore, town clerk."

If a similar meeting should be called today, notwithstanding the elements of civilization and modern refinement, with which we are surrounded,

we would be denounced as guilty of treason. "The Adviser" was only published one year, and was discontinued for lack of support.

THE CHAMPLAIN REPORTER.

In 1809, our second paper was introduced to the public, and run on until 1811. "The Reporter" was published by Willard & Co., in the brick store, on the south-west corner of the park, corner of Main and Fairfield Streets, being ably edited by Abner Morton, a prominent lawyer in our town. Many of the advertisements and notices are full as amusing as some in our first paper.

"An act has passed the legislature, freeing the body of Doctor Daniel Coit from arrest on any civil process, and his property be freed from attachment on execution."

The following dun from a merchant of Quaker ancestry:

"Money for me; or trouble for thee."

Yours respectfully,

Signed, O. F.

ARRIVAL OF THE SLOOP RISING SUN.

The above vessel has just unloaded, at the Bay, a large stock of Domestic and Fancy Dry Goods, for the firm of * * * * * at the village of St. Albans, including Wet and Dry Groceries. Among which are are 50 pieces of British Calico, at $1.00 per yard; French, German and English

Cloths, from $3.00 to $10.00 per yard; Satinetts, Sarsanettes, Bombazenes, and Bombazettes, Black and Gro de Nap Silks, French and Swiss Muslins, Cottapalas and Crapes, Leghorn, French Straw, and Navarino Bonnets, Ribbons, Artificial Flowers, and Plumes, Chocolate-colored Bandannas, for snuff takers; Reds, ditto, for military men, and yellows, for gentlemen; Goatshair Camblets, for men's cloaks and tailor's furnishings, including gold and silver-plated coat and vest buttons; 150 chests Old Hyson, Young Hyson, and Hyson Skin Teas; 500 bushels Turks Island and other salts, best Coffee, 200 quintals Cod-fish, and Tobacco by the cart load; 2 hogsheads W. I. Molasses; 2 barrels Oil; Candles; 2 hogsheads Muscovodo Sugar, and 50 loaves White do; 10 Jars Rose-scented Snuff, and 50 bladders Scotch do; 3 Hogsheads Santa Cruz Rum; 2 do Jamaica, for old soldiers; 3 casks Malaga Wine; 2 Old Port, 2 barrels Gin; Spinning Wheels, Flax Wheels, and Weavers' Shuttles. All of which we will exchange for Cattle, Grain, Woolen Yarn, and Geese Feathers, but are not modest enough to refuse cash.

RAN AWAY.

In the days of our early newspapers, it was customary to bind out boys to merchants and mechanics, until they arrived at age. To us at the present time, it seems a species of white slavery. The following advertisement will demonstrate the value placed upon boys, who dared to complain of the long days, that extended from sunrise to sunset.

RAN AWAY.

From the subscriber, on the 8th inst., an Indentured Boy, by the name of Jo Wappy. About 17 years of age, dark complexion, black hair and eyes, and a wart on his nose. All persons are hereby forbid harbouring or trusting said boy on my account. *One Cent will be paid for his apprehension and return.*

St. Albans, Vt., dated, and signed,

D.— P.— M.—

"THE REPERTORY."

From 1811 to 1823, our county had no newspaper nearer than Burlington, but in 1823, Col. Spooner removed his paper from Burlington to St. Albans, which was published until 1836, in the basement of the present residence of Mr. C. F. Safford, and represented the Masonic element in a very emphatic manner. The bound volumes which I have examined, taking into consideration the lack of railroads, ocean steamers, submarine cables, and telegraphs, would compare well with our more modern journals. Many of its notices and articles are full as amusing as those of more ancient date, and will prove so novel, quaint, and queer, I am inclined to furnish them for the reader.

GRAND 4TH OF JULY CELEBRATION AT ST. ALBANS.

With dinner on the park, $1.00 per plate. With

music, and after the oration, *a collection will be taken up for the Colonization So.*

And how does this novelty of taxing the people, after inviting them here to celebrate, strike the present generation?

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN, THE EVANGELIST.

The undersigned would inform the brethren of Franklin Lodge, and the fraternity in general, that the installation of officers of said Lodge for the ensuing year, will be held at the Episcopal Church, on Thursday, 27th inst. A sermon on the occasion, will be delivered by Rev. Bro. Sylvester Nash. Exercises at the church will commence at 6 o'clock p. m.

Nov. 13, 1827. Per Com.

The numerous notices throughout the paper, headed with the emblems of the sacred order, wherein members have been expelled for un-Masonic conduct, calling upon all papers to notice it throughout the United States and Canada, prompted me to inquire, what un-Masonic conduct consisted of? The reply was, divulging or hinting at its secret ceremonies, immorality, swindling, drunkenness, perjury, cheating your creditors, and not least, "the defaming the character of others." The writer plainly states he is convinced by these guiding principles of the Order, that to be a Mason in those days, meant

much. Yea, it signified more than to be a church member at the present time. Let us hope that to be a Mason now, means as much as it did then.

LOTTERIES.

And what may surprise the people of the present day, is to learn that lotteries were legalized by our legislature, as the following notice from the editor will show.

PHŒNIX LOTTERY.

A few select numbers remain on hand. Apply immediately, or it will be too late, at Spooner's Lottery Office, (Repertory) where some large prizes are expected to be sold March 20th, 1825.

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!

TO MADAM FORTUNE.

If poverty haunt you, to Spooner then fly,
In a ticket or two, your luck quickly try,
But if fortune by chance, should jilt you just then,
Don't give up the ship, but try her again.

THESE ST. ALBANS LOTTERIES

Were abolished as soon as the State Lottery was chartered, to raise funds to support common schools. The editor of "The Repertory" thus expresses himself on the subject.

Feeling under obligations to his friends,
The editor will act as agent gratis.
The state will derive a handsome sum
For the support of common schools.

While these notices appear full as novel as interesting, there are none more so than the following, in relation to our famous mountain.

BELLEVUE, JUNE 7TH, 1826.

"From the summit of the mountainous prominences, which more or less belong to every town in New England, to view the villages and roads, the fields, and meadows, the streamlets, and ponds, and lakes, which diversify our landscapes, is interesting enough, to reward bountifully some pains and efforts in the ascent. To look upon what is pleasing in nature, and what is admirable in a collected group of the dwelling places of enlightened freemen, at an elevated distance, at which whatever may be displeasing, is invisible; in short, to see beauties with their blemishes out of sight is a felicity rare enough to be worth seeking, even among the rude asperities of rocks and brambles. Therefore, on Friday last, a party of ladies and gentlemen, about thirty in number, ascended the mountain, south-east from the village of St. Albans, and from that elevation they had the pleasure of surveying, besides the smiling fields in the vale below, the calm waters of the Lake, to an extent of no less than forty miles, and including that field, where was acted one of the most interesting scenes of the last of our wars, (1814,) a scene which was then watched with eager interest by a crowded multitude on the same summit from which we looked down with calm pleasure on the peaceful waters.

Before leaving the mountain, the subject of giving it a name was proposed, and considered, and discussed; and after several others suggested, the name Bellevue was fixed by a formal decision, to which the following stanzas, written by one of the party on the occasion, will secure sufficient ratification and authority.

BELLEVUE.

Who comes in the glow of the crimson morn
With laughter, and mirth, and glee?
What seek ye amid the briar and thorn
Here's retreat for none but the wretched forlorn,
From whence—and who are ye?

'Tis long since such sylph-like forms I've seen,
As these that before me appear;
And long will it be ere others, I ween,
Will leave their rich fields and valleys green,
And like ye be rambling here.

Has the desolate rock any charms for ye?
Would ye here gather garlands of flowers?
Why leave ye the bright scenes of youth and flee
From your chambers of love and hilarity,
From your fountains, and halls, and bowers.

Here's nought but these cliffs, so rugged and wild,
Round which lightning and tempests play;
And a lodge for the poor and friendless child
On whom fortune and honor once cheeringly smiled;
Now to mis'ry and want a prey.

But ye are gay forms from the bowers of ease,
And your footsteps are airy and light;
Each blossom to deck your fair brows ye seize,
And your joyful voices are heard in the breeze,
And your faces are cheerful and bright.

Sure ye come not to hide in this lonely retreat,
Ye've no sorrows from which ye would flee,
For glances of love from eyes that meet,
Tell of purest joyes and friendships sweet—
Then from whence—and who are ye?

He ceased—on a high pointed rock in the mist,
His dark shaded form was espi'd,
The speaker bent forward in silence to list,
And the mirth, and the laughter, and song were suppressed,
While the leader thus sweetly repli'd.

We come from the green, verdant valley below,
Which so lovely appears to the eye;
Where plenty, and peace, and health's ruddy glow,
Spread contentment, aye, and pleasure flow
Unchecked by the sorrowful sigh.

We have come to look down from thy seat in the sky,
On the pure carpet of earth;
Its beautiful hues to behold, and espy
Its riches and wonders, disclosed to the eye,
And exult in the land of our birth.

And sure 'tis a rich and a cheering sight;
All nature seems smiling around;
The groves and the forests are rife with delight,

The meadows are green, and the hills are bright,
And echo with joyous sound.

'Tis true, this rock is barren and sear
As well it may seem to you,
But yet, 'tis to many a heart most dear,
And many in after years will
Gaze in rapture from thee, Bellevue.

I. of Vermont.

THE FRANKLIN JOURNAL.

The publication of the above paper was commenced in 1833, as an anti-Masonic organ, under the management of S. N. Sweet, but the greater part of our intelligent people being Masons, its career was brief, and it died for want of patronage, but afterwards its remains were galvanized under the sensible editorship of Joseph H. Brainerd, independent of both factions, but our worthy deacon soon discovered there was much verity in the words of Fontenelle, "that every editor of a newspaper pays tribute to the Devil," and as soon as Uncle Jo made this discovery, he renounced "the Stylus," and retired gracefully from "The editorial tripod," In 1837 came Enoch, surnamed Whiting, who purchased the concern, whitened its columns without being translated, and changed its name to

THE MESSENGER,

making that paper over fifty years of age. While we have had several meritorious publications since,

and have them now, in the shape of "The Sentry," and "The Academic," and among those of the past was "The Transcript," well edited by our old friend and neighbor, County Clerk Davis, and "The Advertiser," well loaded by the electric pen of Lucius Bigelow; yet no paper was ever taken to the heart so affectionately as "Old Mother Messenger." I know near relatives and others who have taken it from its birth. Why? Some of our grandmothers regard this Messenger as a talisman or protection from evil. Their hot bricks and hop pillows are frequently covered with its inspiring pages of long ago.

I once visited a family of substance, and all the literary matter in the best part of the house was Watt's Hymns, Pilgrim's Progress, the Farmer's Almanac, and a bound volume of "The Messenger." My venerable friend, may you never view the sunset of life

When we pore over the interesting columns of our newspapers at the present time, so prolific with news from every clime. As we sit at our evening repast, and glean from their columns who died in the morning in France, who was married the same day in Germany, and what John Bull had for breakfast, we lose sight of the obstacles our early publishers had to contend with, for it was more difficult in those days to procure news than

now. The mode of communication was in log canoes, or footing it through the forests, by marked trees, or upon horseback and ox sleds, merely improved upon about the middle of the first quarter of this century, by the introduction of sailing vessels and the old stage-coach, with letter postage from eighteen and three-quarters cents to a quarter.

Although steam had been established on our broad lake as early as 1809, yet no progress had been made here in locomotion until 1823, when Dr. Hoit and my grandsire built the ship Gleaner, at our Bay, which was the first vessel that ever passed through the lake via the canal to New York, the owners of which going with her. It was so remarkable an event that they were met by the city council, and bands of music, who escorted them to the City Hall, amid salvos of artillery, where the mayor welcomed them in a flattering speech, and a popular poet of the age gave vent, as he alluded to "The Maid of the Mountains." The city merchants vied with each other in their attentions to the authors of the novel enterprise, and were so elated with the wonderful undertaking, sent the vessel home, laden with presents for the families of its owners. One little Dutchman, being so overjoyed at the thought he could leave New York, and go to the North Pole without

changing boats, he sent each of their wives a nutmeg; but then, they were twenty-five cents apiece at that time. During my first visit to Barnum's Museum, I was much amused in seeing a fragment of this same vessel labelled, "a ps of ship Gleaner."

This paved the way for other triumphs in nautical skill, for in 1827 the steamboat, Franklin, was built at the Bay, and in the following year the steamer, McDonough, was launched near the store of Mr. Cook. These were followed by steamer after steamer, until our whole lake was filled with floating palaces. And when the very acme of perfection had been reached in steam navigation, we began to hear whispers of a railroad here. I joined in the laugh of the doubters, until I came to ride in the stage from Montpelier to Burlington. Among the passengers were two of our honorable townsmen, to whom I remarked that this slow travelling was tiresome. One, who went by the name of Uncle John, replied, "*H. K., perhaps you will go faster sometime.*" The other, who was called Uncle L., said, "*Yes, Adams; I've made up my mind that if they can build a road through a mountain of solid rock in New Hampshire, we can have one in Northern Vermont.*" On my return home, I began to whisper, the result was, that every one on the west side of Main Street, who had a seven by nine carrot patch, be-

held visions of golden carats. The men began to place front doors in their back yards, and more starch in their shirt collars. One woman, to my certain knowledge, put on three extra petticoats. There was a tremendous excitement, which has been kept up ever since, but the cars continue to run as usual. This has proven to be one of the most courageous, successful, and commendable undertakings of modern times, while the names of its originators are witten on

"The rounded crown
Of Fame's triumphal arch."

ST. ALBANS BAY.

As this part of the town was inhabited by our first settlers, previous to their locating in the village, it is proper to present some account of its early history.

This region still retains many of its aboriginal names. The Bay is often called "Bella Maqueen." MaQuam, then known as Bopquam, while the rocky isle, north of Sampson's is now known as Popasquash, which peculiar formation of nature, was much larger than at the present time, being encircled with more land, of which we have a tradition was the scene of many powwows or Indian councils, which Indians are said to have been "the Maquas."

Within my own remembrance, a squaw, who assumed to be a descendant of one of the original proprietors of the soil, lingered here for many years on the Burton Farm, as the sole representative of her tribe; and she was hopeful the lands of her fathers would be restored to her. Her name was Madam Campo, and when she anticipated a business call from the possessor of her assumed heritage, would place a broad, green ribbon on her stovepipe hat, and tramp with much dignity, with a pipe in her mouth, in front of her log cabin. But she hoped in vain, like many others from the same source; and finally cast "the Wampum of Peace" into the fire, and retired from the haunts of civilization.

The first clearing at the Bay was a tract of land, extending south of the meeting house, (the Lake Road not then being laid out,) on the lake shore, including the Ralph Lasell and Buck places. We have evidence that several branches of business were carried on as early as 1790, with a tanner, a shoemaker, carpenters and joiners, and a potash, &c., &c., which latter commodity was shipped into Canada, in exchange for lumber, tobacco, nails, kettles, &c., sloops having been built previous to this date in Burlington, which frequently entered our bay for patronage.

And as early as 1793, when the question of the

shire was agitated, there was considerable hesitancy in deciding whether the county buildings should be located there or in the village, which demonstrates there was an influential element there, but the population had increased here so much more rapidly than at the Bay by 1796, at which time the first courts were held in the house of Silas Hatherway, now the Hoit house on North Main Street. As early as 1800, there were merchants at the Bay, and there must have been some enterprise among the inhabitants, as a petition for water works was presented to the legislature at that early date.

In 1808, the commerce was extensive enough to call for two military companies to protect it. In 1814 and 1815, sloops, &c., were built there. In 1823, the vessel heretofore described, was built, and was the first to sail through to New York. In 1827, a steamboat was built at the Bay, and another in the year following.

On March 27th, 1828, the inhabitants of St. Albans were requested to meet at Wilkins' Inn, at the Bay, on Monday, the 31st inst., for the purpose of selecting a suitable name for the village and port at St. Albans Bay. Uriel Smith was chosen chairman, and Geo. W. Bradford, secretary. The committee were Captain William

Burton, Jedediah Freeman, Esq., Rev. Orris Pier, and Mr. John H. Burton.

Agreeably to the notice, &c., by the citizens of St. Albans a full meeting was convened. The committee appointed, reported the highly favored name of Port Washington, which name was seldom used.

The following notice appears in our local paper in 1831:

JULY 4TH, 1831.

The late Anniversary of American Independence, was duly observed by our fellow citizens at St. Albans Bay. A national salute was fired at 12 o'clock. A procession was formed under the direction of the editor of "The Repertory," assisted by A. S. Burton, escorted by Capt. Conger's Company of Artillery, to a bower.

The throne of grace was addressed by the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain. Declaration of Independence by H. R. Beardsley, Esq., and an oration pronounced by Hon. James Davis, replete with patriotic sentiments, and characterized throughout with scholastic refinement. The procession was then again formed, and returned to a bountiful spread. After the cloth was removed, a number of regular and volunteer toasts were drank, accompanied by discharge of artillery.

In 1836–7–8, this part of the town was the scene of several military drills, composed of our

three companies, which generally transpired on the plateau in front of Akerman's and the Bay cemetery, at which period this part of our town was well represented on the line, during the Canadian Rebellion.

From 1843 to 1849, this locality enjoyed its highest prosperity. Many of the county merchants had become wealthy, and their large stocks furnished business for the transportation line of boats, and their dockage was quite an item. The firm of Nicholls, Burton & Chittenden, with other branches of business, made it quite lively all around Port Washington. A bank had been established by the famous Commodore Burton, who has since instructed several in the art of banking. A church, with a local pastor, and a physician, a tailor, a hotel, and mechanics were located there. On the other side of the brook running into Shipyard Bay, a wharf had been built, a new store and an academy, one story of which was used for public worship. These were owing to the efforts of Messrs. Kingman and Brainerd, both men of capital, integrity, enterprise, and business capacity. A block of stores had gone up, and a prospective city had been planned, streets laid out, with even double four corners, and a spacious hotel erected, which bore the name of the future City of Bella Maqueen.

But as soon as the snort of the steam horse was heard, the prosperity of the place began to wane. Mr. K. having died, Mr. B. was willing to sacrifice some of his interests at the Bay, to promote the welfare of the village, although it would have been a more direct route for the railroad by the lake. The result was, the steamer ceased its trips, the brick block was taken down, and converted into dwellings on Elm Street, the academy and hotel almost met a similar fate, the business men sought other localities, the store-house crumbled to dust, the wharf nearly disappeared from view, and the county road, laid out from Swanton to accommodate Canada trade, has been discontinued. While at Port Washington, the bank was removed to the village, most of the business left, the church and hotel were consumed by fire, and to all appearances chaos stared them in the face.

But there are many worthy people left at the Bay, and all along the shore, who have struggled nobly amid their misfortunes, rebuilt a church, and enjoy the advantages of well-taught schools.

Inasmuch as they are an honest and industrious people, it is hoped they may regain their former prosperity; and as coming events cast their shadows before them, they have reason to behold "the glimmer of a brighter day," as signs

for the better are beginning to exhibit themselves in this pleasant part of our town. Taking into account the resorts at Samson's, Hatherway's Point, and the baronial buildings on the domain of ex-Governor Smith, with the prospective improvements by Col. Foss, and the prospect of a railroad; the working of the lime ledges, the red granite, the Brocatel marble quarries, and with the possible development of the mineral wealth, which geologists state, "may underlie the slate bed, running diagonally through the Adams lot, on the Lake Road," may all tend to promote their prosperity, by giving an impetus to other enterprises.

In concluding this notice, the writer cannot forego the pleasure of relating a pedestrian trip to the lake, by "the boys of our academy." On the day previous to the entrance of the new steamer, Saranac, into St. Albans Bay, we approached the preceptor with a verbal petition, that he would close school the following day, which was refused in a very emphatic manner. However, when he entered school the next morning, it was discovered "*a two-year-old*" had there passed the night, solving problems in mathematics; and it is needless to state school didn't keep that day, and the boys beheld the lake. "This phalanx of modesty" left Main Street, each mem-

ber with a dime in his pocket. The fields were nearly open on both sides, to Nigger Hill, and every gale that blew, was ladened with the fragrance of new mown hay. At the foot of the hill, we paused by the willow-fringed brook, that meandered through the Howard Meadow, odorous with wild roses and peppermint. And as we approached the lake, we were saluted with a song of welcome, from a school of frogs; the females piped forth "b'hoys! b'hoys!" while the males sweetly croaked "no more rum, ve rum! no rum, ve rum!" After waiting an hour or more, the steamer came in, and our curiosity being satisfied, we repaired to Tracey's Grocery. In looking back, it is wonderful to think how far our money went, and how much satisfaction was received for ten cents. Just look. A quarter of a large, fresh-baked custard pie, for three cents; one fourth of a card of ambrosial gingerbread, that measured three and a half by six inches, three cents; a glass of nectar beer, two cents; and a chunk of cheese for two more. But about half the number would purchase a good segar for two cents, cut them in too, and exchange for some part of the other articles with the other half, resulting in seventy-seven boys, each with half a segar in his mouth, rushing down to the beach, to skip stones. And as the waves broke upon the shore, they cast at our feet, tinted

shells—moonstones, and vari-colored pebbles, fit to adorn the person of beauty, and sparkle in the crown of kings. After filling one pocket with gems, and the other with sweet flag, and with fagots of cat-tails over our shoulders, we retraced our footsteps homeward, feeling "the joys of youth were too pure to last, and too bright to endure."

A CARD.

As the writer may have been accused of indifference, in regard to the custom of returning thanks on a published card, for attentions in times of affliction, would state that it has been delayed for more enduring expression in this work. We now return our sincere thanks for "the marks of respect," "the tokens of sympathy," and "the words of condolence," so fitly spoken during our many trials and tribulations, all of which will be cherished with grateful memory.

OUR REPRESENTATIVES.

As it is customary in all town histories, to give a list of those who have represented the town at the State Legislature, I will give their names from its organization, in 1788, to the present centennial year, 1888, for which I am indebted to an honorable gentlemen in Montpelier, who undoubtedly possesses the most historical knowledge of

any man now residing in our state. *God bless him.*

1788, Jonnathan Hoit.
1789, Silas Hatherway.
1790, " "
1791, Jonnathan Hoit.
1792, " "
1793, Noel Potter.
1794, Silas Hatherway,
1795, " "
1796, " "
1797, Levi House.
1798, Silas Hatherway,
1799, " "
1800, Seth Pomeroy.
1801, " "
1802, Levi House.
1803, Seth Pomeroy.
1804, " "
1805, " "
1806, Nathan Green.
1807, Seth Wetmore.
1808, Asa Fuller.
1809, Carter Hicock.
1810, Nathan Green.
1811, Jonnathan Hoit.
1812, Abner Morton.
1813, Benjamin Swift.
1814, Jonnathan Hoit.
1815, Abner Morton.
1816, N. W. Kingman.
1817, J. K. Smedley.
1821, Asa Fuller.
1822, Stephen Royce.
1823, " "
1824, " "
1825, Benjamin Swift.
1826, " "
1827, John Smith.
1828, " "
1829, " "
1830, " "
1831, " "
1832, " "
1833, " "
1834, L. Brainerd.
1835, J. Smith.
1836, "
1837, "
1838, A. G. Tarlton.
1839, S. S. Brown.
1840, Josiah Newton.
1841, Cornelius Stilphen
1842, " "
1843, John Gates.
1844, None.
1845, Orlando Stevens.
1846, Wm. Bridges.
1847, " "
1848, H. R. Beardsley.
1840, B. B. Newton.
1850, Wm. Bridges.

1818, None.
1819, Samuel Barlow.
1820, Silas Hatherway.
1854, T. W. Smith.
1855, " "
1856, Hiram F. Stevens
1857, " "
1858, A. G. Soule.
1859, " "
1860, J. G. Smith.
1861, " "
1862, " "
1863, W. C. Smith.
1864, B. Barlow.
1865, "
1866, C. Wyman.
1867, E. F. Perkins.
1851, Wm. Bridges.
1852, C. N. Hayden.
1853, " "
1868, G. G. Hunt.
1869, " "

BIENNIAL.

1870, E. A. Smith.
1872, " "
1874, Park Davis.
1876, J. W. Newton.
1878, Ed. Green.
1880, H. Brainerd.
1882, G. C. Noble.
1884, F. S. Stranahan.
1886, S. S. Bedard.
1888, H. M. Stevens.

OUR TOWN CLERKS.

Jonnathan Hoit,	1788 to 1799
Seth Pomeroy,	1799 to 1807
Francis Davis,	1807
Seth Wetmore,	1808 and 1809
Abijah Stone,	1810–11–12–13
Abner Morton,	1814 and 1815
Abijah Stone,	1816 to 1825
Elihu L. Jones,	1825 and 1826
Abijah Stone,	1827 and 1828
John Gates,	1829 to 1836
Wm. Bridges,	1836 to 1862
Cassius D. Farrar,	1862 to 1877

Joseph S. Weeks, - -	1877 to 1887
B. D. Hopkins, - -	1887 and 1888

OUR PRIMITIVE CUSTOMS.

Our primitive customs were similar to those in other settlements in New England.

Stray cattle, &c., &c., would be advertised from the door of the building, wherein was held religious worship, by the titheing-man, who also preserved order. If boys were detected in laughing or in play, they were walked up by the ear to the front seat.

If any one was sick in the society, the minister would notify the congregation previous to the sermon, and ask what persons would take their turn in watching through the week. If the head of a family was sick, the neighbors would do his work for him. The sisters doing the same, if a woman.

If a matron invited company, the women would bring their knitting work, and snuff-boxes, exchanging pinches with each other, until every box was empty. "The supper" would consist of rye short-cake, and wild honey, with herb tea.

Ninety years ago, a lady here, gave a party to nine others, who all brought their spinning-wheels, and spun in the yard till early candle light.

If a man made a bee to gather his crops, the refreshments would be cold pork, johnny-cake,

made from corn, mashed in the top of a log, sawed off and hollowed out for the purpose, then known as "a plumping mill," which solids would be washed down with corn whiskey.

In the course of time, as the clearings grew larger, the inhabitants had more variety in their diet; stewed beans, pea soup, barley coffee, with an occasional goose, that had outlived her usefulness, the oil of which was regarded in those days by the good housewife, as more precious than the ointment that ran down Aaron's beard. Soon after this, the orchards commenced bearing, and cider brandy became the fashionable beverage for the clergy and the people.

The first apple-trees that bore fruit in town were planted by Uncle Nathan, at the foot of Johnny-cake Hill, and his worthy helpmeet, Aunt Susan, invited the neighbors in to eat the two first apple-pies made in town, and having enough left for sauce, the parson was invited to taste that.

Table cutlery and crockery were almost unknown, especially plates. Ham and eggs, pork and beans, were cut up together, and the family all ate from the same dish, called a trencher.

Cooking was then prepared in a much different manner than at the present time. Stoves not then being in vogue, brick ovens were the great desideratum, in which were placed brown bread, pork

and beans, the night previous, the flavors of which were much superior to that imparted by stoves or ranges. In them were also baked gingerbread and pies. These were all shoveled in and out by a long, iron handled shovel, one of which is now in the writer's possession, over one hundred years of age. Meats and vegetables were stewed together in iron pots, suspended on cranes, that swung in large, open fire-places.

The writer now recalls one of these scenes of "Ye Olden Time." Two old ladies on Lake St., annually met at "the home of Aunt Patience," to celebrate the anniversary of "the battle of Bennington," in which their husbands fought and bled. A great-nephew, now among us, was once impressed with the idea that he would participate in the ceremonies. So, climbing up to the chimney on the back part of the house, he dropped three bricks, and hearing them strike in "the kettle of pot luck" below, concluded he had done his share towards that celebration.

The mode of lighting up our early homes was not as stylish as at the present time, but "the humble rush," soaked in grease, and stuck in a piece of wood or half of a potato, shed its flickering rays upon happy hearth-stones and glimmered upon honest faces. And the tallow candles that followed, in iron candlesticks, gladdened the hearts

of their inmates, and shed a ray serene upon the walls of our primitive log cabins. Then came oil, in lamps of tin, and glass, followed by camphene, kerosene, gas, and "electric lights," fit for palaces, and rivaling the rays of Orion.

When the old back log of the fire-place gave out or failed to emit its sparks, the method of procuring fire or light, was as novel as the light itself. But every family was provided with a pocket sun-glass, or with "a vade mecum," in the form of a tinder-box, which was either filled with flax, soaked in the balsam of pitch-pine, or with punk, gathered from decayed logs, which with a "steel handlet," struck fire with the contents of the box, held aside a flint. This peculiar age of light, was followed by strips of cedar, dipped in brimstone, called lamp-lighters, the first of which in our town were sold in bunches, by Lafayette, the son of Sam, the first village baker,, which would quickly ignite by being held to a burning stick or coal of fire. After this plain display of brimstone before our eyes, and of which we were reminded every Sunday, the old loco-foco matches came into fashion, which to a great extent have been improved upon.

A very common mode of travel, for both sexes, was upon horseback, the wife being seated behind on a cushion, called a pillion, in which manner

they would journey long distances to friends, dwelling remote from villages. Also, in the same style to church, weddings, and to market towns. The writer has just beheld a side-saddle, over eighty years old, whereon a Miss of eight years rode as many miles through the woods, to carry her grandmother a box of pills.

I once witnessed an illustration of this mode of travelling, having once opened my father's store at six in the morning. A young lass rode up on horseback, for a rake, which was borne over her shoulder for five miles. Recalling the event, I am reminded that Maud Muller could have appeared no more charming.

Whenever a wedding occurred, the parson, taking the lead, all the men following, would kiss the bride, and the women would do the same by the groom. Wedding feasts would be followed by dancing, concluding by the men escorting the bridegroom to the nuptial couch. The females afterwards doing the same with the bride. Wedding presents would often consist of six wooden or pewter plates, with spoons to match, a cooking pot, *and always a cradle*; and it was a lucky bride who received a spinning-wheel and a side-saddle.

Pipes were of home-made cobs or freestone, with elder stems, but few had tobacco. Dried

mullein leaves, mixed with mint, was generally substituted for the weed, with which so many puff off their ideas in smoke.

At funerals, the remains were borne to the grave in a lumber wagon or on ox sleds, frequently wrapped in buffalo robes. We had no hearse until about 1840.

OUR SOCIAL LIFE.

The intent and purposes of this work will not admit of an extended history of our life and manners. But as a slight allusion to the subject may naturally be anticipated, I would state that for the last forty or more years, we have possessed the unenviable reputation of being a "stuck up," and pretentious people. This is a mistake, although during that time, there may have been instances when certain individuals have undertaken to make the public believe they were better than others, but they have always proven such ridiculous failures, the attempt will never be made again, for as they progressed in the voyage of life, they began to realize the words of Plutarch, "that it is no disgrace not to be able to do everything; but to undertake or pretend to do what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious."

So at this time, we have no acknowledged aris-

tocracy here, for the reason, no one is willing to admit the superiority of any one else, whether based upon more wealth, or more intelligence than themselves. This fact seems to be woven indelibly into our social fabric, and becomes more apparent every day of our historic existence. Those among our inhabitants who have the most reason to feel their superiority on account of their wealth, intellectual culture, or business integrity, assume nothing on that basis, and seemingly ignore all such claims advanced for them by sycophants and snobs.

There are, however, some changes in our manners and customs, which have transpired within the past forty years, which may be proper to notice at this time, for then there was less bowing and scraping, and more attention paid to the sensible part of etiquette than now.

It was then customary, when a new being was ushered into the world, for the whole village to rejoice. And when a couple united their future destinies, all the town joined in a heartfelt *te deum* for their life-long happiness. So, too, when death entered a home, messages of condolence and offers of assistance, came from every direction. This last, let us be thankful for, as it continues, even during this age of selfishness and cold indifference. But in this connection, there was a cus-

tom, which has become obsolete, for when a family were afflicted by death, "the tolling bell" announced the sad event. The custom being to sound three times three for a male, twice three for a female, and twice two for a child, the bell afterwards tolling the age. If in the north part of the town, the north window of the belfry was open, the same with the others, announcing the direction. And when the death knell struck the ear, the voice of youth was silenced, the hum of business was hushed, until it was known who among us had joined "the silent majority."

If a member of any family was sick, in a neighborhood, any prospective entertainment was abandoned, and the greater part of the village would offer their assistance.

No family ever had cause to feel grieved or insulted, by any one member being singled out with an invitation, owing to any petty differences with the others. The invitations would be to Miss or the Misses P. and brother or brothers, as the case might be, and for extraordinary occasions as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Q. and family.

In the place of comfortable little spats and snubs, we now have malicious slanders, and cruel persecutions, in payment for trivial disputes and newspaper squibs, in other words, the hyenas and sharks of society, trifle with the reputation and

purses of others, with as much impunity as boys used to with bell pulls and melon patches.

Even the most innocent have suffered in this respect, by being lashed over the back of some relative, owing to some trivial differences or fancied wrong.

Upon the receipt of an invitation, notwithstanding how much pleasure was anticipated, members of families seldom sacrificed their self-respect by accepting invitations from those who had not previously called upon the ladies of their own home. This sentiment seemed to pervade every age, condition, and sex. To illustrate it: Some years ago a little girl of six summers, was invited to a house with others, to spend the afternoon. She informed the youthful Miss of the family, "that her ma would like to have her come, but your ma has never called on my ma." But as individuals become more familiar with the usages of society, they take a more sensible view of the whimsical notions of it, and are discovering that persons who assume hauteur or indulge in "poco curante manners," that it requires something besides wealth and power, beauty and station, to pass successfully before "the argus eye" of public opinion."

ALDIS HILL.

INSCRIBED TO THE COMPANIONS OF MY YOUTH.

In revisiting the scenes of our happy past, I discovered that "our own Bellevue," still towers above us. The same sun gilds our hill tops, the same streams ripple through our valleys to the lake, as in the days of our youth. And in passing "old steamboat rock," I was reminded of the eggs and corn we roasted beneath its shade, for the rock is still there, as in the days of Auld Lang Syne. The same trees are there, in which we stoned the squirrels, and beneath which we gathered nuts. And the very locality, where we beheld thirty-two snakes basking in the vernal sun, of which we slew twenty-seven out of the family, is now filled by an Orphans Home; the endowed charity of "the philanthropic Warner," whose soul seems to be here, but his body in another county. And I also remembered our activity in "the field of insectile life," where, with an old veil on a broomstick, and with milkweed pods, we entrapped the gaudy butterflies, the mottled bugs, and the buzzing bees. Recalling those collections, they would excite the wonder and admiration of our professional entomologists.

And I also recalled the times when, equipped with baskets and hammers, we collected hornblende, silex, and quartz, for our amateur cabinets,

for the same rocks and stone walls are still there. And our research, too, in microscopical science, when, with our little toy instruments, we discovered the wings of a fly were arrayed like the robe of a Jewish rabbi, and beheld the glory of Solomon depicted on the back of a bug; and solved the intricate problem, how many fly-specks would cover an acre of ground; and beheld on the humble lichen, and the fragment of plain, old stone, the gorgeous hues of the rainbow, and the setting sun. And with what vivid emotion I recalled the days, when we wandered up the hill to gather for our herbariums, ferns, palm-like, and of maidenhair, anemone, Jack-in-the-pulpit, cardinalis, hepatica, red benjamens, and the violets and honeysuckles

"That embalmed the passing gale."

And "the bright capsules of moss
That hung like fairy urns
On stalks of golden sheen."

Those happy Saturdays, too, when we sat on the very apex of the Hill, gazing hour after hour upon

"The visionary landscapes of the skies,
And the golden capes far stretching into heaven,"

with the waters of our lake flowing beneath.

It is the same now, as then, but as memory flowed back, the present faded away in these visions of the past, as I recalled the changes time

has wrought since those days of long ago ;- for from the lake shore to Main Street, there were but six buildings on the south side to Nason St., and but eleven on the north to Newton St. Most of the land was then woods and swamps, covered with blueberry bushes, running pine, and winter-green.

At present the whole street is lined, and much of the space filled with pleasant homes. Also, with stores, shops, hotels, and a church, that would adorn any situation. The street for a long distance, now boasts of side-walks, water hydrants, street lights, and many other evidences of prosperity. Our old cemetery, so plainly visible, with its last line of graves, then marked by those of Langworthy, Judge Turner, and the Churches, with its orchard filling its whole front, is now filled with the remains of our past inhabitants, whom we knew so well ; for the orchard has disappeared by the sickle of old time. The fields, once so redolent of sweet-brier, and pennyroyal, in which we gathered berries, and fallen goose quills, to express our love for others, are now occupied with the palatial homes of our old friends. The old district school-houses, in which we were impregnated with so much sapience? have made way for other structures, and the academy has been replaced by a more modern seat of learning.

"The places" of worship, so plainly seen from this elevation, have also been replaced by more church-like edifices.

"The quaint old Congo, then known as "Old Ironsides," is now represented by an elegant structure in the Paladian style of architecture, with a spire, towering heavenward, with a dim religious light stealing through stained-glass windows, and frescoed walls, that frequently resound to the strains of "the grand te deum" of the mother church, while far up near the sounding clock, and tolling bell, "the head of Peter," looks grimly down and smiles.

The Methodist Chapel, with its old sky parlor, then called "the great drag net," is replaced by the most church-like temple of worship in town.

The Episcopal Church, so covered with horns, is represented by a beautiful and substantial building in the Anglo-Norman style, of which a friend remarked, "he had seen its counterpart on the island of Smyrna, said to have been five hundred years old."

Since then, the Catholics have also performed miracles in the way of churches, while the Baptists, then unknown among us, and "the Universalists," styled in our youth as "the old life boat," have been in no manner behind them in zeal. The old Court House, whose pot-like dome, we

viewed so often from the Hill, and whose walls then echoed to the eloquence of Brown, Smith, Smalley, Aldis, Beardsley, and old Curley, has been replaced by an elephantine hall of justice in the Cathartic style of architecture, its unique towers suggesting closets on the roof, and which needs no bell to summon our present bar.

And as I caught a glimpse of the majestic maples, which now adorn our park, the pride and glory of St. Albans, I compared its present condition with the past. Although now embellished with electric lights, pond, bridge, seats and walks, and the elegant gifts in fountain and drinking tazzas, yet I feel it is still hallowed by the footsteps of the old fathers and mothers in Israel, who have entered "the vale of shadows," and with the memories of our own boyhood days.

PARSONSVILLE.

This suburb, considered by many our pleasantest one, extends from Nason Street to Johnny-cake Hill, and was named about fifty years ago, after Capt. Samuel Parsons, who was the father of our former citizen, Jethro Parsons, and the grandsire of my friend, Col. Parsons, lately the possessor of "the Natural Bridge of Virginia," which used to illustrate our geographies; and which became

more familiar to the Union soldiers, during the Rebellion.

Captain Samuel removed here from Swanton, and displayed so much public spirit in building, was honored with the name it still bears.

But this part of our town could boast as early as 1795 of a painter, a cooper, a shoemaker, carpenter and joiner, a tannery, a tailor, two stores, and a tavern.

In 1802, two physicians located there. There were two taverns and other branches of business were carried on.

The old Nason Tavern set back from the Main road much farther than the present residence of Mr. S. S. Allen, furnishing so much of a common as to be called "the Nason Green," at which time, Major General Nason resided there, and during the annual musters the troops would march down and escort him to the review, on what is now Taylor Park, which generally transpired at 3:30 o'clock, a barrel of rum being placed on tap previous to the grand march.

The plateau in front of the Parsons' place, was often the scene of evening drills, previous to the great event of the annual musters, which afforded much amusement for the boys and girls of the village. And when, and where did we ever behold such military bearing; and when did we ever

see red plumes wave so gracefully, as from the artillery hats of Daniel Potter, Wm. Bronson, Edward Walker, and Wm. Wilson? What rifle company could boast of so fine looking men, and such officers as Jason Conger, Wm. Bell, and O. B. Tullar? And who ever handled the drumsticks so deftly, or half as well as the Greens?

At the foot of Johnny-cake Hill was the home of their father, who, after hearing the first Methodist sermon ever preached in town, declared himself of that faith, and would travel to St. Albans Point to attend meetings, and as early as 1807 formed a class, of which he was leader, which extended to Georgia Bay. He was licensed to preach in 1811. I well remember old Uncle Nate in 18——.

The brook, babbling through the hollow, lined with its bank of ferns, was a noted locality; for there the children of our early settlers fished for minnows, and plucked the wild clematis that then twined around the alders. There their fathers trapped mink, otter, and beaver; and as long as the caravans travelled the public highway, hundreds of our youth would walk down to see them water the elephant, and what was more amusing, was to behold Uncle Ammi Alford come out with the accustomed half bushel of potatoes for the elephant to eat.

Parsonsville has been so patriotic as to have had several 4th of July celebrations, with speakers, a toast-master, and a free dinner.

The first tragedy, and the first comedy in our town, were acted by the residents of this locality, an old cider mill being rigged up for the theater.

The writer now recalls his first attendance at a theater, when "Pizarro's Tragedy," and the farce called "Fortunes Frolic," were performed in the old cider mill. Those who remember those scenes, undoubtedly recall the fine appearance our old friend, John Burgess, made in the character of Pizarro, and Martin Clark, as Rolla who, with his following, were very fortunate in procuring the uniforms of the Georgia Rifle Company, which were the most stylish in our county, consisting of a bright green frock, faced with white, silver buttons, white epauletts, green velvet cap, with white feathers. They presented a very attractive appearance in the evening; while the farce was equally interesting, with Aunt Luna, who presided at the spinning-wheel, as "Old Marm Ruffhead," and Anson Green, as Son Robin.

But since the removal of the Parsons family, another inhabitant has become somewhat conspicuous before the public, whose name is Benjamin Franklin Rugg, and although he never made a kite out of a silk handkerchief, and drew lightning

from its tail, as did his illustrious namesake, yet, he has displayed such a lightning-like energy and public spirit, I am sure old Ben. Franklin would admire him for his pluck and perseverence; for Benjamin Franklin Rugg, who began his somewhat eventful career in a log cabin, eating from the top of a barrel, has, by a life of industy, acquired what is equivalent to a mile square of valuable real estate, and without mentioning the numerous buildings he has erected in other parts of the town, has done more than any other man to build up Parsonsville, having erected in that locality many houses.

PROSPECT HILL.

This charming elevation, and the exquisite views from its summit, have been somewhat obscured by the notoriety given our more familiar Bellevue and Aldis Hill.

This forest-clad and rock-bound eminence is situated on the south-east of Johnny-cake Hill. Being nearer the homes of our earliest settlers, it received its name long before Bellevue was explored, or Aldis Hill was frequented or known in history. It is said some of our seriously-inclined early settlers would visit its secluded nooks, and engage in silent prayer.

One hundred years ago, some foreign miners

examined it minutely for mineral wealth said to exist there by an Indian sorceress. And previous to 1800, Hezekiah Eastman, the sire of our late Uncle Seth, who had married the widow of an early settler "dreamt that gold existed among his rocks on Prospect Hill," and when he became somewhat weakened (mentally) by advanced age, would take a lantern and wander over the rocks at night, looking for gold.

This hill is approached from the main road south of the large, white house, now owned by our respected townsman, H. G. Morton, which building is a part of our early history; being erected previous to 1797 by David Powers, who had first dwelt in a log cabin in front of his later residence.

On a pleasant day, during the fall of our centennial year, I was induced to visit this locality, and followed the same route pursued twenty years before. The approach to the hill was very pleasing, for all through the field "the golden rod" was waving its yellow banners in the sun. "The thorn trees" were glowing like pillars of fire, with their flame-like burden, and "the vervain," reflecting the azure of the sky, was nodding in the breeze, while over fence and wall clung the trailing vine. The autumnal foliage was in all its beauty, upon which

"The rainbow had repeated its dyes,

And glorious sunsets
Had left their golden light."

And as one by one the leaves fell to mother earth, they spread a carpet beneath my feet, which no mosaic could equal. Even the birds seemed to rejoice at the scene, and sing their pleasure from every bush; and the sound of joy came from the squirrels, that skipped over the moss-grown rocks, while the sense of smell was regaled by the sweet perfume of the herbage.

Reaching the top, what a panorama greeted the vision. Afar in the distance, loomed up long ranges of mountains, in all their lofty grandeur. The spires of distant churches, glistening amid the forests in every direction, and in front, flowed the waters of Champlain, dotted with myriads of islands, and whitened with many a sail. It was indeed a fit subject for a painter.

In taking a nearer view of what lay before me, I was reminded of what has often been suggested, that the village should have been started on the tract of land lying between the Jewell road and the foot of Prospect Hill. The visitor to this locality will readily be impressed with the desirability of this situation. Such superior drainage could be procured, and such a fine foundation for streets and walks. This hill is a noted spot, for there our first violinist received his inspiration from catgut.

There old Uncle John Powers, the first fiddler in town, a son of David Powers, one of our first settlers, the builder of the white house, would spend day after day, perfecting himself with the fiddle and the bow.

In connection with this locality, an amusing incident occurred some fifty years ago. In the white house dwelt an old couple, but one day the husband was among the missing. The alarm being sounded, nearly all our village inhabitants set out to discover the lost. The rocks at the foot of the hill, and the pond beyond, were diligently searched. The well, and the foot of the cellar stairs were carefully examined, finally, as a last resort, the barn was entered, wherein was found the old man, asleep on the mow, who, being awakened, stated, "that feeling romantic, and the new hay smelling sweeter than his bed, concluded to take a nap." As the long procession escorted him to the door, where stood his helpmate, they naturally anticipated some words of gratitude for their aid and sympathy, but she blurted out, "you pesky critters, you had better go hum. Some women can have half a dozen husbands, but I have got to live forever with that old noodle noddy," which resulted in our kind-hearted villagers enjoying a good laugh all the way home.

Here follows the notice of a scene, for which I

am indebted to a highly-esteemed lady for refreshing my memory, of which I had once heard, and who aided in preparing the refreshments for the memorable occasion. On March 4th, 1829, Uncle Cy Smith, a simon-pure Jacksonian, decided to celebrate the inauguration of Andrew Jackson, as president of the United States, consequently invited over thirty to breakfast with him, having furnished some spiritual elevator to aid in digestion; and after a bountiful spread, a procession was formed in the following order:

Committee on Artillery, drawing field piece by hand.

Committee on Jugs from Parsonsville.

Drummers and Fifers.

Jug Committe from Johnny-cake Hill.

Inspectors of Artillery and Jugs.

Invited Guests.

Straggling Political Mourners, to Watch the Jugs.

The March wind was blowing over the snows of winter, which glistened in the vernal sun, when this procession moved through the fields, enlivened by the strains of martial music; and as they hauled the piece of artillery, and the jugs, up the rocky eminence of Prospect Hill, it was a scene upon which Napoleon would have gazed with rap-

ture, and of which Old Hickory himself, would have exclaimed, "By the Eternal, the Green Mountain Boys have neither lost their pluck nor patriotism."

After reaching the top, the various committees exchanged the usual civilities? Then followed salute after salute, interspersed with patriotic music, toasts, and speeches, upon the conclusion of which, a select, and very-judicious committee, was appointed by Uncle Cy, to examine the jugs, and ascertain if they were in condition to carry them as safely down hill, as they did up.

Individuals visiting Prospect Hill will reproach themselves for not being there before.

OUR OLD FARMS.

As most of the descendants of our early settlers dwell outside the village, and knowing the writer to be a native, who enjoyed some acquaintance with the past generation, they will naturally expect some notice of their occupation.

In rendering this brief tribute to them, and their ancestors, it is unnecessary to make trite observations upon the natural laws of husbandry, nor give a terse dissertation upon the potato rot, and wheat smut; nor elaborate upon wool, and the breeding of horses and cattle. I would, however, state that an early surveyor-general of the state observes

" that St. Albans, and one other town, are the two best farming towns in Vermont." And when we pass by the fair fields, and pleasant residences of the Hoits, Seymours, Goodspeads, Whittemores, the Smiths, Ruggs, Prindles, Holiyokes, Potters, the Greens, Herricks, Brighams, Boyingtons, Meigs, Lasells, Collins, and the Tullars. We can exclaim with the Psalmist.

" The little hills rejoice on every side,
The pastures are clothed with flocks;
The valleys, also, are covered over with corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing."

But we can hardly imagine the land has been under cultivation nearly a hundred years. We little realize the hardships their ancestors endured, and the obstacles they encountered at the commencement of their farm life. After the forests were laid low, cut down, as it were, by the rod, the land had to be cultivated by inches, amid the stumps, for which there was no remedy, in the form of a modern puller. They had either to wait the ravages of time, or pass them through the ordeal of fire. The implements, with which they toiled, were of the rudest character, for amid the stumps, where oxen could scarcely move and turn, the soil was broken with picks, spades, and bars. Most of our early settlers came hither from New Hampshire and Connecticut, some from Massa-

chusetts, and Rhode Island. They brought with them habits of industry, integrity, and a high veneration for the Christian religion. With these inherent traits, they soon outnumbered and overbalanced the gamblers and Sabbath-breakers, that more or less infest all new settlements. The Bible was the sheet-anchor of their hopes, and their guideboard in the voyage of life. For when the rude elements of nature beat through their barken roofs, or wrapped their floors in a winding-sheet of snow, they were not discouraged; and as the smoke ascended upward from their mud-plastered chimneys, it must have been as pleasing in the sight of heaven, as incense from a golden censer, curling around the pillars of the mercy seat.

The principal crops cultivated in those days were rye, barley, corn, potatoes, turnips, beans, peas, pumpkins, and hops. Wheat was high priced, and not plenty.

Grass was cut, cured, and gathered with the same old implements, that have been in use for three generations in our history, the scythe, the handrake, and pitchfork. It was a fortunate farmer, with a large meadow, who had his hay stored before the equinoctial storm. A day in haying then, extended from sunrise to sunset.

The fourth generation now enjoy smoother fields, with the mowing machine, canopy top, in-

cluding lunch basket, which needs but one addition to make it perfect, viz.: lanterns on the sides, rendering the cutting of grass in the cool of evening, worthy of consideration. We have also large hand and horse-rakes, and patent pitchers.

For grain, it was first the hand sickle, then was introduced the cradle, and now, the modern reaper and binder. Corn was also cut with a knife, or sickle, husked, and shelled, like beans, by hand. We now have patent huskers, and shellers, as well as planters. Instead of being hoed, like potatoes, we now have the labor-saving cultivators.

Flax was extensively grown, from which, with the wool from a few sheep, the housewife spun and wove all their clothing, sheets, and blankets; most of whom acquired the art of dyeing, and it was a lucky family that was blessed with a black sheep, as the father and sons had a suit of black, without the labor of coloring.

Butter, for which there was no market at home, nor abroad, was made in an earthen milk pan, beat up with a pudding-stick. Then came in fashion, the hollow log churn, with dasher, followed by one of staves, then of stone; and later, our more modern churn. But little butter was consumed by the family, for a thin slice of cold boiled pork, laid on a chunk of rye bread, was much

more palatable to the early settlers. Those who were so fortunate as to have a cow, kept the milk to nourish the young olive branches, most of whom had their quiver full—blessed without measure.

In these primitive homes, a few plants would generally embellish the window stand of the best room. The quaint old horseshoe geranium, would have the post of honor, flanked on each side, by the unsurpassed red rose, and the rat-tail cactus, while in front, would be the modest ice-plant, and the prickly pear, frequently emblematic of the pair that dwelt within.

In touching upon this subject, it may be well to notice what was outside, and I gladly mention the old well, with its pole and lever, on which hung the bucket, several of which now exist in our town, and would advise the reader, who wishes to see an illustration of the lines of Woodworth on "The Bucket," to ride by the houses of our friends Boyington and Collins, for there is

"The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket
Which hung in the well."

And I would also mention the rows, and patches of those good old-fashioned flowers and herbs, that grew around most of those humble log

cabins. Next to the fence of roots, of rails, or stone wall, would be a row of orthodox holyhocks. Hop vines, creeping with much assurance around a group of long poles, which seemed to express themselves in the vegetable dialect as follows: "We make our own emptings at this house; they are fast rising and we are going up." There would be a clump of poppies, bowing their sleepy heads in the breeze. Marigolds, winking their jaundiced eyes in the sun. Roses, gathering the dewy gossamer of the dawn. A patch of bachelor buttons, reminding the boys, it was not good for man to be alone. Tiger lillies, bright as the gold coin tied up in the old stocking leg. Modest violets, and starry-eyed daisies, blushing almost unseen, while in the rear would stand a stately guard of sunflowers to beat off malaria. Also, beds of herbs, wormwood, for worms, and bruises, sage, for sausages, and headache; valerian, for sleeplessness; chamomile, for nervousness; sweet marjoram, for soups; caraway, for cookies, and lame stomach. These founders of our town, were no ordinary people. The words in Proverbs applied as well to our early housewives, as they do now.

"She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

She is not afraid of the snow for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet.

She maketh fine linen.

Strength and honour are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

They were verily happy, with their Bibles, their spinning-wheels, their herbs, and their snuff-boxes. And the husbandman, with a healthy state of body, and a contented frame of mind, was equally so, with his pipe, almanac, and possibly his newspaper, both of whom could view with indifference, the contests of the world, and feel that the worst efforts of human passion, could never reach them, and who, if among us today

"Could look abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor, perhaps, compared
With those, whose mansions glitter in their sight,
Call the delightful scenery all their own."

"Theirs are the mountains, and the valleys theirs,
And the resplendent rivers, theirs to enjoy
With a propriety, that none can feel,
But who, with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to heaven unpresumtuous eyes,
And smiling say, our Father made them all."

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The large balm of Gilead trees, in front of the Blaisdell house, were brought by Major Morrill, on horseback, from Connecticut, over ninety years ago.

The hall paper in the Houghton house, is the same placed upon its walls in 1800.

The majestic elms, on the corner of Congress and Main Streets, were planted in 1804.

The first carriage in town, with two seats, was owned by the Hon. B. Swift ; its body being bright yellow.

As early as 1800, a petition was presented the Vermont Legislature for a charter to incorporate "The Bella Maqueen Aqueduct Co." This was the Indian name of St. Albans Bay. No one can furnish any information in regard to the novel project.

As the question will be asked, why was it nec-

essary to republish the statement in relation to "the Cordex Sinaiaticus?" To which the writer retorts by asking, "why do orthodox libraries tolerate the book that contains the statement?"

Our town has been the residence of several noted characters, among whom was "Captain Joshua Montefiore," a brother of the late Sir Moses, who attained the age of one hundred years. He was also the brother-in-law of Sir John Russell. The captain was the author of several books, among them, "The Commercial Dictionary," a copy of which I have seen in the possession of his son, Jo, a well-known attorney of St. Albans. Our town was also the residence of "the Princess Salm Salm," who attempted to aid the Emperor Maximillian to escape from Mexico. I remember her in her girlhood, as Mary Joy. "A German Countess" eloped to this country with a poor nail maker, and lived here many years, north of the Comstock place, in the little cottage that stood in the pasture.

A chair, once owned by Gen. Levi House, our first State's Attorney, in 1796, is now in the possession of Dea. H. M. Stevens.

When the residence of the general was burning the preceptor of the academy was engaged in prayers. Said he, "boys, show yourselves to be men. We must all be cool and collected. Follow my example." He rushed up stairs and cast a gilt frame mirror out of the chamber window, and carried a feather bed down stairs as carefully as a baby.

The large apple-tree, south of the Bellows place, was planted by Ryan, over ninety years ago.

"Virginia," the only man ever hanged here, was buried south of the old cemetery gate, in 1820.

St. Albans has been in existence one hundred years without a town hall. "En arriere," "Proh pudor."

When "the Noah Wells structure," the first three-story building in town caught fire, it being in advance of the times, was facetiously christened "Noah's Folly." The Methodist parson, Dr. Pier, by name, who had began to doctor the bodies in preference to the souls of men, rushed down across the village green, with a family syringe and a pail of water; which, by the way, however humiliating it is to relate, was the only engine we

had to extinguish fires at the time, and who, many years afterwards, was pointed out as "the St. Albans Fire Department."

Clam shells have been found three feet from the surface, at the foot of Aldis Hill, suggesting the theory, that the waters of Lake Champlain may have once flowed as high.

After imprisonment for debt was abolished in Vermont, having received its death blow in our old Court House, it then became legal to confine poor debtors within the jail limits. Red posts marked J. L., in black, were planted a mile each way from the jail. This draconian law also received its death blow, when a poor old debtor lost his wife, whom he wished to bury among her kindred in another town. The procession halted at the red post, and the old man footed it back to his desolate home.

"The Old Bake Shop," which was drawn through Main Street nearly fifty years ago, by one hundred yoke of oxen, now stands in the rear of the Fairchild's lot.

The only oak tree on Congress Street, near the

residence of Dea. Bently, is an offspring of one of the original monarchs of the forests.

A man lived and died here, at the age of 81, whose mother was married to four husbands; and he, himself, had six wives here, and one in the state of New York.

The first silk dress here, was worn by the spouse of Jack Curtis, the builder of the Houghton house. The first silver-plated double harness was owned by Wm. Nason, the father of the general.

The first spinning-wheel, and the first umbrella, were owned by the family of Major Morrill.

The first parasol, and the first silk cloak, by the family of Asa Fuller, who purchased the Hoit house in 1800, of Silas Hatherway.

The latter sported the first gold-headed cane, and broadcloth cloak in town. He is also supposed to have owned the first watch, as he was taxed on the only watch in Swanton, in the year 1801.

The first maple sugar was made from sap, gathered from the original trees growing on our present park.

A church that will solicit a subscription from an excommunicated member, is in a pumiceous condition.

The most fervent amen in town, was uttered by an ex-governor, when his railroad litigation had reached the extreme end of its caudal appendage, and his friends then responded to the fiat of Archbishop Laud, "Let all the people say amen."

The writer has just stood by the grave of Capt. John Warner, of Revolutionary memory, who has been alluded to as locating here as our first physician, in 1792. He was the brother of the famous Col. Seth Warner, a member of that noble band of Vermont patriots. The late Gen. Nason, who was present at the burial, had frequently pointed it out to our citizens. It is hoped that the rough, old stone, without inscription, may be replaced by a fitting monument.

St. Albans could boast of a miniature painter, and a music teacher, as early as 1822, and a dentist as early as 1826.

In the early history of "the Old Bank of St. Albans," established in 1826, a clerk absconded with about seven thousand dollars, entrusted to

him, to carry to Burlington. It being before the days of railroads and telegraphs, no trace of him was discovered, until a young man from this county, left Boston on a mackerel smack, which being wrecked on the coast of Maine, the passengers went ashore near a little settlement, and being Sunday, the young man attended church. As he turned his eyes up to the gallery, was much surprised to see the bank thief, leading the choir, who, returning to the inn, asked the landlord who the chap was that lead the music? "Oh, that is a nice young man, just settled here, and is about to marry into one of our best families." Our friend held his tongue, and the next day, being able to leave in his vessel, hastened home, and related his story, promising the bank officials, that if they would pay his expenses, and allow him a reasonable compensation for his time, would deliver the robber into their possession, who being brought here, and it being learned that he had all the money, except what he had paid out for his expenses, the officers consented to let him go, without prosecution, on refunding the balance. They however, exacted a promise from him, that he

would lead an honest life, and possibly their leniency may have been influenced by his age, and a regard for the feelings of his friends. But the chap wanted a certificate from the church, in which most of the bank men were members, "that his standing was as good as ever." One man protested, and wished that his vote of "no," be written plain at the end of his name; for, said he, "no man can stand as well in any church, or in any position, after he stole thousands of dollars, as he did before." *Examination* of "the Congregational Church Records," will inform the reader *who the man was*, who possessed the courage to say "*no*." It will be perceived that bank iniquity began here at an early date, but no one now would presume to designate such a transaction as robbery, for many of the courts now define it as "a mere error of judgment."

Our United States banking laws seem to have been made for every state in the Union, but Vermont, and the meanest laws of Vermont, seem to have been created especially for St. Albans.

The most orthodox stranger within our gates, can safely gaze upon "our Court House" without

committing idolatry, for it is the likeness of nothing in heaven, nor on earth, nor in the waters under the earth.

The first one-horse chaise in town, was owned by Judge Asa Aldis. The first doctor's gig, or sulky, by Dr. Charles Hall.

The burials, previous to 1802, were in the Dorsey Taylor lot, and the lower part of Upper Welden Street, which was then back of some of our first stores.

In 18—, a resident of St. Albans, had a rooster in confinement, and, strange to relate, he discovered two eggs in a nest. The rooster was permitted to escape, while "the U. S. Attorney" was preparing the indictment, according to Vermont law. This demonstrates the imperfections of our state laws, for as far back as the 14th Century, a rooster was convicted, and burned, for laying just one egg.

In March, 1837, a wolf was seen near Aldis Hill, which, being encircled at its western approach, by over one hundred armed men, L. B. Senior was chosen to terminate the earthly existence of his lupine majesty, who was afterwards suspended on

the tackle in front of the first Brainerd store. In 1842, a deer ran up what is now Pearl Street, through Main Street, and jumped over the head of a lady, weeding in the Houghton garden.

In 1848, a lynx was shot in some woods adjoining the Webber place, on Lake Street; and as late as 1883, sharks were seen in the vicinity of our banks.

The only tribe of Indians discovered by our early settlers, were digging ginseng for the Chinese market, which the almond-eyed brides of the flowery kingdom would string in links, with jewels between, and wear as necklaces, to generate the opposite sex.

The author's excuse for not giving the particulars of the St. Albans raid, is owing to the very elaborate, in fact, the best account of it ever published, which was by E. A. Sowles; and it is regretted by many, that he could not have occupied his past time, in portraying other matters for the real benefit of the public, as faithfully as he has done that.

A few years ago a couple were passing St. Lukes, when the bridegroom replied to the re-

mark, a very pretty church. Yes, it must be a great cleanser of sin. Why so? Don't you see? It is built of Castile-soap.

In the list of aged persons, who lived here, the name of Sam Trotter was accidentally omitted. He was the son of an African king, and is said to have died in the north end of the town, at the age of 117 years.

The writer would have been glad to have taken advantage of this work, by giving his opinion of one of our failed banks, on which our press, and much venerated clergy, have remained far too silent, and indifferent, to satisfy the victims. He also would have been equally pleased, to have responded to numerous requests, by presenting his religious views; and to have expressed his sentiments upon his favorite subject, "horticulture." In lieu of which, he would respectfully suggest to our clergy, the propriety of preaching quarterly sermons, during their residence here, upon *the Decadence of Financial Integrity.*

The people of St. Albans subscribe liberally for the support of foreign missions, but one country to which we send missionaries, is our superior in

many ways. In China, if a banker places other people's money where depositors cannot find it, he has his head cut off.

It matters not how the three following anecdotes found their way into the editor's drawer of a popular magazine, but as the incidents transpired in "this place," many years ago, the writer considers them a part of our history, although the names are not published.

One Sunday, one of our religious societies, being without a pastor, invited a D. D., stopping at "The Welden," to conduct the services for them. During his prayer he expressed himself in the following terms: "Lord, send this people a minister after their own heart. Not an old man, in his dotage; nor a young man, in his goslinghood; but a proper, nice man, with all the modern improvements."

Three little girls were playing on Bank Street. One said, "We are richer than you. We have got a carriage, and horses, and a silver teapot." No. 2 said, "My folks are richer than that. We have got a mortgage on our house, and *a skunk under our barn*." "Sha!" said No. 3, "I am richer

than both of you, for *I have got a grandma*." Ah, my friends, how near right was our last little maid?

During a revival here, several years ago, a worthy, but impulsive old sister, shouted so frequently as to disturb the services. But expecting a distinguished preacher from a distance, some of the official board went to the woman's son, and requested him to use his influence with his mother, to keep quiet on that particular evening, which she promised to do. But the preacher, being wrought up to the highest pitch of pulpit eloquence, and "the glory to Gods," being so much louder than usual, two of the brethren formed a saddle, with their joined hands, upon which the son assisted the mother to mount, and when the middle of the aisle was reached, she shouted out, "I am more favored than the *Master*. He had only one ass to carry him, but I've got two. Glory Hallelujah."

We have the best hotels, the best liveries, and the best looking lot of babies in the state.

The following, taken from a paper of a quarter of a century ago, deserves repetition during this "period of greed," as the subject of the notice received many sneers for his peculiarities:

"It is within the memory of middle-aged men, that St. Albans had no furniture stores, and if anybody was so unfortunate as to die, a coffin had to be made to order; and to this day, the smell of varnish is suggestive of a funeral to more than half of the population. Cabinet makers shops were the predecessors of the great stores, which now draw trade from fifty miles, and no goods were kept on hand, not even a set of chairs. The first shop in town was kept by a Mr. Mussey. He was succeeded by Lewis Beals, and he by Wm. Bridges, who carried on the business many years, from which he retired, for official station. This subject, H. L., learned his trade of Mr. Bridges, and came here from Peacham, where he was a school-mate of the late Thad. Stevens, of Pennsylvania. At one time Mr. L. failed, and was several thousand dollars below par. But he struggled with his large family, and instead of repudiating the debt, or 'capitalizing' it, as the fashion is now, he closely economized *for twelve long years*, and paid it, every dollar with interest."

We commend *this honorable deed to the young men of this more reckless day.*

The writer was informed by a citizen of Fairfield, that he possessed "the vane of our first Court House," which building was erected in 1802, the

bell of which, was paid for by the ladies of St. Albans. One lady, who subscribed twenty dollars, attained the age of ninety-eight, which was as liberal in those days, as two hundred at the present time. But how often *she* must have heard "*that bell*," and what curious scenes "*that old vane*" pointed at, when *the boys blowed where they listeth.* And oh, *that bell!* ever on the ring; at all times, and in all seasons, and for all occasions. At rosy morn, at high noon, and at dewy eve, it was on the ring. Methinks I now hear it, sounding out on the stilly night, and it echoes back, reminding me of those sportive occasions of "the past." But remembrance is now more pleasing than the music was then, for however melodious the sound of bells is to most ears, a poet has aptly said,

"The sweetest of every music is mute."

O, memory! Weird musician of the soul.

The latitude, the longitude, and the superficial area granted. "The wreckers of banks," while the victims were deprived of their interest, is a travesty on justice, and a disgrace to American civilization.

The following studies should be introduced into

our schools, by an act of the legislature, and endorsed by the courts:

The Ethics of Swindling.
The Dynamics of Speculation; with other People's Money.
Perjury, æsthetically considered.

We who have been deprived of the benefits derived from these studies, should see the necessity of having them adopted for the future success of the rising generation.

A word in regard to our charities. It is rather humiliating to think, with all our pretense, we are indebted to an outsider for "our endowed institutions." To 'the noble giver," we can say in the language of another, "If there be a pleasure on earth, which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy a man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress." But this much the writer feels to be true, that "the Hospital" would never have been endowed, had not "the Home" been blessed with a perfect matron, and the most able management. Yet, there is no place in Vermont, where the inhabitants have contributed so cheerfully, and so liberally for promiscuous charities as here, and for celebrations, no

place in the state has approximated to them in their subscriptions and successful results.

Nathan Green was the first man married in our town. Limna Potter was the first female, and John B. Meigs, the first male born in St. Albans. It has been stated that Herman Green was born previous to Mr. Meigs.

The funeral of Herman Green, who died here at the age of 74, was attended by his mother, who was the first woman married in town.

From the writers' earliest recollection, the two mounds on the south side of the old cemetery, have excited the curiosity of the youth every few years. They are two old-fashioned tombs, one of which belonged to Asa Fuller, who purchased the Hoit house in 1800. The other to John Curtis, who built the Houghton house during the same year.

The aid and encouragement received from every town in our county, to the endowed charities of the generous Chauncy Warner, is undoubtedly a hint for some of our worthy men to do likewise.

The first piece of meat purchased of a regular butcher, was by the late Dr. I. L. Chandler.

Wheat Beals, whose name is recorded in the list of long-lived persons, having died at the age of ninety, built the first railroad turn table in the United States. His father, Adam Beals, settled here when there were but four houses. He aided in throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor.

The author was accosted by an outsider, who delivered himself as follows: "H. K., in that book you are writing, we don't want any of your high-flown, highfaluten stuff. We want fax, for fax is history, and all true history is nothing but fax." In reply, the following quotation slid from the tongue: "It is impossible for any writer to satisfy the tastes of all readers, Some admire the wonderful in life, others are better pleased with historical events, and some love the facetious. Others must have the ravings of the hustings, or the tattle of the social circle, to satisfy them." The writer, however, has pursued that happy medium, with sufficient diversity to please all tastes, endeavoring to have his humble effort more thickly interspersed with pleasing facts, than brilliant fiction.

OUR MUSIC.

These reminiscences would be incomplete without some allusion to our musical affairs, of which we had none to notice until many years after the settlement of the town, with the exception, perhaps, of the drum and fife, the bugle call and the violin. I well remember the first tune I ever heard on the latter. It was in a hotel in front of the Brainerd store, which was called "The Bumblebee in the Pumpkin." Every few minutes the fiddler would imitate the buzzing of a bee in a pumpkin blossom.

After a while, a bass-viol was introduced into one of the places of worship, at which time, it is said of a good soul, coming out of meeting, "That she wanted to die, if they had got to having fiddles in the house of God;" but she had never heard any music before, but the hum of the spinning-wheel, and the croaking of frogs.

The first piano in town was in 1822, and owned by the late Mrs. Miranda Aldis Kellogg, and the second, near this date by Mrs. S. H. Barlow, pre-

sented to her by her father, a British officer in Nova Scotia, which were followed by others in the Ferriss, Brainerd, Houghton, Kingman, Swift, and Smith homes, while at this time there are as many organs and pianos among us as wash tubs. Soon after, an organ was used in the Episcopal Church, followed many years after by one in the Congregational meeting-house, and at this writing, every house of worship can boast of an organ and a fine choir.

Keeping pace with our early music, were the singing schools. Even the author attended two winters, and learned two notes, viz.: "La and Ra." As early as 1839, a band of music was organized here, and I recall the founder reading a list of necessary instruments, among them twenty clarionets, and three bass drums.

But from my earliest recollection, our musical talent has never waned, but has constantly been improving in culture, until our instrumental performers will well compare with the best, and are superior to most in other large villages.

So, too, our vocalists are rising on the high scale to perfection. It is seldom so many fine voices of both sexes are to be met, as here, of whom we can exclaim with Walton, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest such music on earth." All

of whom, to their everlasting credit, have cheerfully rendered their services in times of affliction, and for charity's sake.

And judging this town from its saintly name, and musical fame, one would infer that God had designed it for a model place, a sort of Utopia, to live in and to die in, "for music is the child of prayer, and the companion of religion, whose spirit wanders through the halls and galleries of memory," enabling us to recall many matters connected with it. By so doing we are drawn to notice

OUR MILITARY,

Of which we had an un-uniformed company previous to 1800. Soon after, we could boast of a troop of horse, the uniform of which was very unique, consisting of yellow cap, with gold band, and red feather, red flannel jacket, and yellow breeches. The horses of this company were exempt from taxation, which fact may possibly set some of our young men to thinking. This organization was kept up until 1828, when, with a population of less than 2,400, we maintained three companies, the artillery, the rifles, and the old flood wood, and who remembers the latter? The officers were uniformed, but the privates were not. They were a very patriotic body of men, because they had to be. Every man, eighteen years of

age, had to obey the warning, by being present and armed in some shape. Some brought guns, but most of them had poles, whip-stocks, or axe helves, and many of them would have cod-fish bound to their knapsacks, for lunch. What glorious times they had, and what sham-fights. Ten cents, in those days, would carry a boy much farther than as many shillings will now.

With the exception of a few survivors of the American Revolution, none of our militia had seen active service since the war of 1812–14, and the greater part of them had never fired a gun, but from 1837 to 1839, they had an opportunity to display their valor and patriotism on the frontier. At this time, the volcano, which had slumbered for many years among the French in lower Canada, broke out in an eruption, since known as

THE CANADIAN REBELLION.

The habitants, having been taught from their cradles, that the province in which they had their homes, once belonged to their ancestors in fair France, and that the English, in their proverbial love of grab, had gobbled it up. This fact had been stereotyped upon their minds, and each generation was constantly reminded of it in history, and in song. So in 1837, they were ripe for rebellion. They were incited by the more intelli-

gent members of Parliament to rebel against the rule of Great Britain, and to establish a French Republic.

The leader of the rebels, called radicals in parliament, was the famous Louis I. Papineau. With this project in view, a mass convention was held at St. Charles, October, 1837, and it appeared that several counties were united against the government. During the same season, similar meetings were held in other places, including a large one in Montreal. Among the agitators were the eminent surgeon, Dr. Robert Nelson, and the distinguished physician, Dr. Wolfred Nelson, also Dr. Cyrel Cote, and the able advocate, Paul Demarra, for whom a reward of $4,000 was offered in December, 1837, for the two former, and $400 for the latter. Dr. Robert Nelson had issued a proclamation, signing himself president of Lower Canada. These radicals accordingly organized, for the purpose of creating a republic, and after a number of skirmishes in various places, a great battle transpired at St. Charles, in which the radicals were defeated, and fled in all directions, and St. Albans had her share. During a battle at Caldwell's Manor, now Clarenceville, Drs. Nelson and Cote were arrested, and sent to Windsor, but were honorably discharged by the court, the following spring.

All through this rebellion, the sympathies of the people dwelling in the frontier towns, were with these Canadian patriots or radicals, which created much jealousy, and irritated the loyalists or tories, to such a degree, they threatened to retaliate, by seizing our citizens and burning our villages, in fact, they did burn several houses and barns near the lines, in return for sheltering the rebels, then residing in the states, who crossed over for the same purpose, and then returned to this side for protection.

Consequently a large meeting was held here, December 11, 1837, to take into consideration the propriety of arming the citizens of this place, and to defend us from threatened invasion from the British Regulars, whom we feared would follow the rebels this side the lines.

The Hon. Asa Aldis addressed it with much spirit. With these views, a committee was appointed to wait on the governor of Vermont, and request a part of the arms in the state arsenal, which being denied, augmented their sympathy for the French Patriots, and created a bitter feeling against the governor of our state, and our citizens did not hesitate to express their sentiments on the subject as follows: "That while the officers of our government have been vigilant to protect them, the Canadian government has allowed arms to be placed in the hands of the tories to threaten us."

After protesting to our government against such action, Gov. Jenneson, of Vermont, issued a proclamation, Dec. 13, 1837, for the preservation of order on the frontier, and the whole militia of the state was ordered out. Gens. Scott, Brady, and Wool were directed by the general government to prevent all violation of law and order. And the rebels were informed that if they fought in Canada, and run over this side, our troops would be ordered to fire upon them. Seeing at once their situation between two fires, the British in front, and the United States in their rear, they laid down their arms. The eruption was smothered, and for a time the volcano slumbered.

During this excitement, most of our citizens unconnected with any military organization, were ordered to the frontier. Our business men responded, and the professions were as fully represented as the mechanics and day laborers, all of whom slept night after night on the bare ground, or in log hovels, taking their turns guarding the frontier, thus protecting the loyalists of Canada, as well as our own homes on this side.

THE SECOND CANADIAN REBELLION.

On January 1st, 1838, the Canadian tories reciprocated our favors of 1837, by sending the

steamer, Carroline, over Niagara Falls, with from twenty to thirty Americans aboard.

The government construing this as evidence of future trouble, directed Gen. Nason to call out the militia, and during the summer, the government sent a company of United States Regulars to the frontier, who landed at St. Albans Bay, and marched through the Kellogg road, to Swanton Falls, under the command of Lieutenant Pitkin. Stephen, the worthy son of our old townsman, T. H. Campbell, was also a lieutenant in this company. The commanding officer was Maj. Churchell, with head-quarters in St. Albans, who rode daily to Swanton, to review the troops. He afterwards became inspector-general of the Union army during our rebellion. Up to the spring of 1839, several buildings were burned in our frontier towns by the tories. Our governor proposed to enforce the neutrality laws in this controversy. While the feeling may have been very bitter on both sides, yet there was more humor connected with it in both countries, than with any previous rebellion, or since.

Without doubt, our Gen. Nason was the most conspicuous character connected with it, of whom are related many amusing anecdotes. The following are a few of many. Those who remember Gen.

Nason, will agree with the writer, that he adhered strictly to military etiquette on all occasions. Having given a dinner to Gen. Scott, and the governor of Vermont, at the hotel, corner of Lake and Main Streets, during the Canadian rebellion, the company being seated, he cried out in a commanding tone, "Advance, Capt. John G. Saxe, and make an attack on that turkey." At a later stage of the entertainment, he called upon the company thus, "Attention! Put to flight that pie and pudding. Charge on those decanters. Pass them double quick down the lines." When he went on to the frontier to confer with some British officers, our dashing Col. Tarlton, of his staff, feeling somewhat nettled that an officer of inferior rank should have been appointed to counsel with his general, remarked to him thus, "General, we are about to meet some British officers at Missisco Bay. As they are great sticklers for military etiquette, their custom is never to speak first to a superior officer, and as they have chosen a mere colonel to meet you, we must give them to understand that we are equally posted in such matters, but if there should be anything about military usage you do not understand, refer them to me." So when the interview took place, Col. Jones, of the British army, was presented to General John Nason, commander-in-chief of the frontier militia,

of Vermont, who after bowing and shaking hands, asked Gen. Nason what he would have to drink? "Thank you, Colonel, I refer you to my Major Bradley."

After many indignation meetings and humorous episodes, after several buildings were burned both sides the line, and preparations made for a great battle by the remains of the rebel army, under the command of Doctors Nelson and Cote, near Caldwell's Manor, but who, discovering a large force of British in their rear, drew back to the line, and surrendered to Gen. John E. Wool, of the U. S. Army. From this time the excitement began to subside. Gen. Nason, however, with a military force, continued along the line at Highgate to guard against hostile acts on both sides, which in a short time proved so successful, the troops were discharged.

Many of the Canadian patriots, however, were not permitted to return to their homes, but were ordered by Lord Durham, Governor-General of Canada, to be transported to Bermuda, *without any trial*, which fact reaching England, he was censured by both the House of Commons, and the House of Lords, for an act contrary to what the Magna Charta concedes to every subject. Consequently he resigned, returned to England, and died of mortification. The banished patriots, after

several years, were pardoned, and permitted to return to their homes, while Papineau, the leader, re-entered parliament in 1848. The query saries, will an attempt be made again to establish a republic in Canada, or is annexation "their manifest destiny?"

OUR LATER MILITIA.

A few years after the Canadian rebellion, our legislature abolished the state militia (1844.) As we march down the lane of history, we meet our present well-appearing company, commanded by its efficient officers. But the rising generation date our modern military from 1856, the birth of the first Ransom Guards, the members of which little realized how soon they would be called into the service of their country, for they were the first that responded to the call to relieve Fortress Monroe, at the dawn of our great civil contest, and it is well to keep this fact before the rising generation. They were followed by others here, until every home was represented in our state, in this great struggle to preserve their country. As with our town, our county, and our state, so was it throughout all the North. Those who remained at home, and those who are just entering upon the stage of life, little realize the patriotic sentiments, and the heroic devotion that actuated these men

to offer themselves as holocausts upon the altar of their country. But we do know the tragic fate so many met. Some died amid the blood and carnage of the battle field, some of starvation within prison walls, some returned with dimmed sight, and severed limbs, scarred and battered all o'er. And when the strife was ended, and the stars and bars again waved in majesty over every state, from the green plumes of Aroostook to the Golden Gate, the stars brighter, and the bars stronger, nearly every home was in mourning for the loss of a father, husband, lover, son, or brother. The desolate hearth, "the vacant seat," "the shadow on the wall," all told the story. Their voices are hushed, but their memory lives.

Some sleep in the dark shadow of the lone mountain, and wild flowers are the sylvan syllables that spell their epitaphs in words of balm. Some sleep amid the sea-shells, and the coral, and old oceans angry surges, sing their mournful requiem. Some sleep on the battle-plain, by the moonlit aisles of Gettysburgh, enriched by the blood of martyrs, kept ever green by the tears from memories urn. Some sleep in their own village grave yard, beneath the roses, which affection has placed over them, and the birds carol forth, faithful soldiers! at rest! at rest!

As we approach the end of this corridor of

thought, it is meet and proper to pause a few moments in "yon city of silence," around which cluster the memories of our past, growing brighter and brighter with age. And as we wander among those grassy mounds, reflecting on the hopes centered there, we recall the little buds, that withered at the dawn of life, the youth of the springtime, primal manhood, and they who left us at the sunset; and are deeply impressed with the verity of the passage, "passing away," is written on the world, and all it contains.

4023